METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE

BETWEEN THE

OLD SERPENT

AND THE

MODERN SAINT.

Deus! ecce Deus!
pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale ſonans; afflata eſt Numine quandò
Jam propiore Dei. VIRGIL.

Servant of God, well done! Well haſt thou fought!
MILTON.

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M DCC LXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Poem imagined, that a Diſplay of METHODISM, dreſſed up in a Poetical Attire, would come forth with higher advantage than ſhe hath yet derived from her Proſaic Admirers. And as no Bard hath ſtood forth to vindicate this defamed excellence; an artleſs Votary of the Muſes could not reſiſt the inclination he felt to ſing the praiſes of that Shining Light, which ſhould rather challenge Homage, than ſeek Protection.

The deſign of this Piece was rather to trace the Out-lines, than to give a complete Image of the Heroic Saint here exhibited to view. But perhaps this imperfect Sketch may preſent a ſtriking Likeneſs of the great Original, and conſequently, of all the Congenial Leaders of THE SACRED BAND.

ARGUMENT.

The Subject propoſed. The Invocation. The State of Religion previous to the Miſſion of the Reverend Mr. John W-----y. *His tranſcendent Character and miraculous Powers. A Magiſtrate of* Briſtol *cenſured for prohibiting the Apoſtle to viſit the Felons under Sentence of Death in that City. The Mimic of the Summer-theatre reprehended for his deteſtable Attempts to ridicule Tabernacle-piety. His Deſtruction is foretold. His Auditors involved in his Crimes. The Muſe expoſtulates with a learned Prelate for his ſevere Treatment of this venerable Divine. Mr.* W-----y's *forgiving Temper. His fervent Prayer for the Converſion of that bitter Antagoniſt. The Spirit of Prophecy ruſhing upon the Saint, he predicts that glorious Event; and, in the moſt pious Raptures, diſplays its happy Conſequences.*

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE FIRST.

THE flaming Virtues of the Modern Saint,
Heroic Leader of THE SACRED BAND—
Sinners renaſcent by the charm of ſounds—
Reaſon dethron'd—and genuine Faith reſtor'd—
Satan debell'd, and driven back to Hell,
Diſabled ever to emerge again—
Struck with an ardent Zeal for Truth, the Muſe
Aſpires to ſing, and make her firſt Attempt—
Oh! how unequal to the arduous height
Of this great theme, without thy mighty aid,

[a] O thou celeſtial Source of Ecſtaſies,
Of [b] Viſions, Raptures, and [c] converting Dreams—
Awful Ebriety of New-Birth Grace!
Thee, MANIA, I invoke my pen to guide,
To fire my ſoul, and urge my bold career.
Come then, and with thee bring thy glad ally
PHANTASIA—bring her Viſionary Train;
That not unworthily I may diſplay,
And vindicate the Virtues, which you rais'd.
Long had Religion worn a languid form;
Nor with the ancient luſtre ſhone her light.
Proud Reaſon triumph'd—Prudence was admir'd;
And Human Learning rais'd her Pagan head.
True Zeal, beneath the frigorific ſhade

[a] *O thou celeſtial Source*, &c.] It is remarkable with what awful reſpect ſome ancient as well as modern Philoſophers and Divines have treated thoſe, who were ſuppoſed to have a ſpice of Madneſs. Plato affirms, and with him our preſent Reformers ſeem perfectly to agree, that Enthuſiaſm and Mania are the ſame thing. Certainly, there can be no Heroic Sanctity, no ſucceſsful Leader of a New Sect, *ſine aliquâ dementiæ mixturâ*, without ſome portion of Fury. CH. DICT.

[b] —*Viſions*, &c.] What the Imagination puts forth in Ecſtaſies, and ſees in Viſions and Dreams, is as clear as the broad day: and the Perception of the Soul, at leaſt, is as ſtrong and vigorous, as at any time in beholding things awake. Dr. MORE.

[c] ——*converting Dreams*. See Note, p. 5.

Of cautious Moderation, ſhiv'ring lay—
Sober was Sanctity.—Devotion calm.—
Vain Luxury in groves her temples rais'd,
Groves, which eclips'd the ſplendor of the Stars,
And made the Night almoſt exceed the Day.
Here Females Maſculine, and Fem'nine Men,
Like Heroes THOSE, like gentle Spinſters THESE,
Inverting Nature, trod the unchaſte paths,
Th' alluring, magic, Paradiſe of Sin:
Whilſt ſtrains of wanton Muſic fan'd the fire,
And kindled up th' Extremities of Love:
For Modeſty was fled: and wild Deſire
Revell'd at large, and bade the Sun look on.
The Young no viſions ſaw; nor did the Old,
[d] From dreams nocturnal, converts riſe to Grace.
No godly Frenzy rous'd the drowſy world;
And ſcarce a ſingle Soul was born again.
Then in the ſplendor of THE SENT OF GOD,
BRITANNIA ſaw a Venerable Saint

[d] *From Dreams nocturnal*, &c.] I have known ſeveral in whom this great Change [Converſion to Methodiſm] was wrought in a Dream.
W——Y's Journals.

Shoot

Shoot blazing forth, as does the Orient Sun,
To re-illumine a benighted world.
This—this is He! that great, tranſcendent Soul;
Who, with a line and level, forms his plan;
And methodizes into Grace his Babes.
How from his lips, inceſſant, iſſues forth
Spirit Divine!—not in a ſtill, ſmall voice;
But in the fury of a rapid ſtorm.
His thronging ſpirits in a tumult riſe:
High and more high they mount above the clouds.
His heart, as for a paſſage, furious beats,
Big with the ripe Extravagance of Thought—
(Extravagance in New Birth is a Grace)
Oh! give it vent!—It comes!—Hark, he exclaims—
• *Give me but footing in another world,*
This Terrene Globe I'll to the Centre ſhake;
Or, from its orbit, with a finger, whirl,
Erratic o'er the Infinite Expanſe.

• *Give me but footing*, &c.] My heart was ſo enlarged, that I could have ſaid, in another manner than poor vain Archimedes did,—"Give me a place "to ſtand on, and I will ſhake the earth." W——y's Journals.

Spoke

Spoke like a God!—And like a God he acts!
Footing on any World, 'tis HIS,' to gain,
Whene'er he lifts, and toſs about the Globes:
But he relents—intent on Works of Grace.
'Lo! his wing'd Car, majeſtic, he aſcends;
And tow'rds the Court of Heav'n his flight directs.
Drive on, O Saint! and traverſe ev'ry ſky,
Unhurt amidſt intolerable light:
Nor let the dread of Elemental Wars,
" The wreck of matter, or the cruſh of worlds,"
Retard the progreſs of thy glorious courſe.
The flying Car, with living ſpirit inſtinct,
Impetuous ſpeeds; (divine is the beheſt!)
And ſoon the Everlaſting Gates attains:—
The Everlaſting Gates ſpontaneous ope:—
And lo! the SAINT OF GLORY enters in!—

' *Lo! his wing'd Car*, &c."] Mr. W——y ſeems to have an high opinion of theſe ſuperb vehicles: and his Great Maſter, Mr. Law, ſays,—" When " Jacob Behmen in his fiery Chariot is caught up into ſuch heights, and ſees " and relates ſuch things, I love and reverence him for being where I never " was, as I love and reverence Saint Paul, &c."
LAW's Way to Divine Knowledge, p. 88.

[g] Then Audience had, and Adoration paid—
Downward he ſhoots again to this low world,
Inveſted with the Plenitude of Pow'r.
[h] He comes! He comes! Infernal Force to quell;
To puniſh, to inſtruct, t' inflame Mankind;
And in the night of clouded Piety,
To flaſh Meridian-day on all the Globe.
Authentic his Credentials!—Burning Zeal—
Imagination ripen'd to a fierce,
An active, boundleſs, wonder-working Faith—
Ecſtatic Fervors—High-fermented Joys—
Viſions and Dreams, and copious floods of Grace.
[i] Exterminating Judgments, when He calls,
Inſtant attend, and execute his will.

[g] *Then audience had*, &c.] This direction I this day received from God, touching the important affair. I then delivered my meſſage.
W——y's Journals.

[h] *He comes*, &c.] Behold! the Day of the Lord is come: He is again viſiting and redeeming his People. I inſiſt upon the Fact—Chriſt is now preached, and Sinners are converted unto God. W——y's Journals.

[i] *Exterminating Judgments*, &c.] The Rector of R—— having preached a virulent Sermon againſt the Methodiſts, was ſtruck with a palſy. He was buried the Friday after. Ibid. & ſim. paſſim.

Diſeaſes,

[k] Diſeaſes, all, obedient come or go,
If He but ſpeak, or—if He give the Nod.
Not leſs the very dint of furious ſounds,
Vociferation's faſcinating Tone,
Beſpeaks an impulſe of Supernal Force.
Say, O my Muſe! what image wilt thou bring—
What ſtriking Likeneſs, aptly to ſet forth
Th' amazing horrors, which his Voice excites?—
See—how great Atlas rears his dreadful head,
Proud of the Terrors, which he ſpreads around!
How, from his Caverns, rav'nous Beaſts of Prey
In hideous concert roar, and yell, and howl!
How dire the ſhocks—how terrible the noiſe,
When He, (tremendous Giant!) vomits up
Huge molten Rocks, in ſmoke and flames involv'd:
Whilſt, from his boſom, Cataracts ruſh down
The rocky ſteeps, with moſt alarming ſounds.

[k] *Diſeaſes, all,* &c.] Ann Calcut had been ill and ſpeechleſs ſome time: but as ſoon as we began to pray, God reſtored her ſpeech, and the fever left her. Ibid.

There were none with whom we prayed, who did not inſtantly recover. Ibid.

Th' aſtounded Traveller ſtarts back aghaſt—
A damp, cold ſweat trills down his trembling limbs—
He ſighs---he pants---he totters---and---at laſt,
Th' enormous conſternation turns his brain.
High on his throne, ſo when the awful Saint
Stands forth, his vocal pow'rs to exerciſe,
And drive Tranſgreſſors from th' Infernal Path;
So loud he thunders---deals about his flames---
With ſuch terrific force he ſtrikes the ear---
So ſhocks the ſenſes---ſo confounds the ſoul---
That frighted Reaſon her dominion quits;
And Frenzy fills the abdicated throne.
Rais'd to this height behold the Man of God
Fir'd with the[1] elevating fumes of Zeal,
As if with ſpirits from th' Alembic drawn,
The Seat of final Judgment now aſſumes;

[1] —*elevating fumes*, &c.] We had a watch-night in the chapel. Being then weak, I was afraid that I could not hold out: but the longer I ſpoke, the more ſtrength I had; inſomuch that, at Twelve o'clock, all my wearineſs was gone; and I was as one refreſhed with wine. Journals.

Tries,

Tries, and [m] condemns to Hell that Magiſtrate,
Audacious Ruler! who withſtood a Saint,
Acceſs forbidding to thoſe gloomy Cells;
Where weeping Felons cried out for his aid,
That aid, on which alone they could rely.
Theſe, then adjudg'd unfit on earth to live,
He (pious Prieſt!) would gladly have conſign'd
To Realms ordain'd for Virtue's proper Meed.
Infernal Interdict!—But know, O Wretch!
The ſentence of the Saint will be confirm'd;
And thou muſt anſwer for this Loſs of Souls.
Burn! Beecher! burn! in fiercer flames involv'd,
As thy Offence ſo far ſurpaſſes theirs.
Nor can the Muſe, with indignation fir'd,
Paſs Thee uncenſur'd, O thou Peſt of Grace,
Of Summer-Theatres the baſe Buffoon,
Begot by Satan on Scurrility!

[m] ——*condemns to Hell*, &c.] The Priſoners under ſentence of death at Briſtol deſired to ſee me. I went to the Gaol; but was told by the Keeper, that Alderman Beecher had given orders, that I ſhould not be admitted.—— "I cite Alderman Beecher to appear at the Judgment-ſeat of "Christ to answer for this Loss of Souls." Ibid.

What ſtreams of turbid, acrimonious blood,
Pollute thy veins; corrupt thy vicious heart;
And burſt away in tides of pois'nous jokes,
Trivial eſcapes, and flaſhes of vile wit:
Whilſt by thy tongue defam'd, Religion weeps;
And Virtue bleeds, a victim to thy pen!
Hear Wiſdom's voice thus ſtigmatize thy crime:---
Behold yon' Luniac! See, with what dire rage,
Fire-brands he hurls---deals darts and death around---
Both friends and foes he burns---he wounds---he kills---
And then exclaims---*Hah!---Is not this high ſport?*
Such is the Man, who Piety derides;
Fair Truth dares dreſs in Falſhood's odious garb
On Hell-built Scenes---the direful pangs and throes
Of New-birth Labour make a public Scorn---
And Laughter raiſe, where Pity claims a Tear.
Not only he offends, but Heav'n defies;
And to the World far more deſtructive proves,
Than Earthquake, Deluge, Peſtilence, or War.

* *Hear Wiſdom's voice,* &c.] See Proverbs of Solomon, Ch. 26.

But truſt not, ſtill unpuniſh'd to eſcape:
The injur'd Prophet has the time foretold,
The very day when Juſtice will awake,
And ſtrike the merited, the vengeful blow;
Which will deprive thee of thoſe Mimic-powers,
That feſtive Spirit, and that ſportive Art---
The impious Means, on which thy All depends.
Helpleſs and deſperate is now thy caſe!
Where does He friendſhip, or where ſuccour find,
Who once diverted, but diverts no more?
Where are thy Patrons and Applauders now?
Whilſt Fancy's vivid ſparks rejoic'd their ſouls;
They liſten'd, gen'rous---Now they cannot hear:
Deaf is the jolly World to mirthleſs Penury.
Adieu, poor Soul! to ev'ry Joy of Life---
Periſh'd is Wit---and not a Doit is left.
Convivial Gaiety no more returns:
No more the Gallic Vintage warms thy heart---
The Banquets ceaſe:---and Foote by Famine dies.
Then to his Father's Houſe, the Houſe of Woe,
Deſcends the Wretch.---There, Blaſphemy! receive
The due Rewards of Raillery profane;

And,

And, ludicrous, divert thy Kindred Friends;
If Riſibility can live in Hell.
Alas! ſhe cannot: Mirth from thence flies far;
And deeply Tragical is ev'ry Scene
Exhibited on Satan's Theatres.
Howl there thou may'ſt---but never laugh or ſmile.
No Farces there, no burſts of jocund Glee;
Nor Methodiſts, on whom to vent your Gibes.
All's ſerious there---dreadfully ſolemn All---
And ſad Deſpair ſpreads round a mournful gloom:
Where thou for endleſs Ages muſt lament.
Nor ſhall ye 'ſcape, Ye Fautors of his Crimes!
Who dar'd to laugh, when The Celeſtial frown'd---
At each vile Jeſt your noiſy Plaudits raiſe;
And for the Repetition fondly call.
Yes---for Perdition on yourſelves ye call'd:
And One, One pious Curſe ſhall waft you all
To the ſame Manſions with your Favourite Droll;
Unleſs, for Laughter, Penitence atone.
Here with damp awe, in reverential ſtrains,
The Muſe addreſſes her remonſtrance mild

To Thee, [a] O learned Prelate! whom the Fiend
(For ev'n Prelates can't his lures eſcape)
Hath tempted to attack with Wit profane;
And laſh, and cut, and ſting, THE PRINCE OF SAINTS.
Nor Him alone, but his ſweet Nurſlings too,
His tender Offspring, haſt thou wounded ſore.
Where was thy feeling of Parental Love?
Hadſt thou no Children, O relentleſs Man?
No Babes of Grace?---None ſure:---or, if thou hadſt,
The thought of Them had touch'd thee with remorſe.
But tho' Compaſſion did not melt thy ſoul;
Could not the Awe of Heaven-aſſiſted Pow'r
The current of thy fury check?---A Pow'r,
Which with a word could ſtrike thee dumb, or dead;
Or from the ſky, Elijah-like, call down
Conſuming Fire on thy calumnious head.
But He is brave:---the Brave is merciful.
[b] Too noble for revenge, he can forgive,

[a] ——*O learned Prelate*, &c.] See a late Treatiſe upon the Doctrine of Grace, by the B—p of G———r.

[b] *Too noble for revenge*, &c.] If I have any ſtrength at all, it is in forgiving injuries. W——y's Journals.

Ev'n

Ev'n THEE forgive; and ardent vows prefer
For thy converſion---
Spirit of New Birth!
Extend thy Pity to this Man of Sin,
Unhappily o'erwhelmed in the Gulph
Of [q]Human Erudition, and defil'd
With all the turpitude of carnal ſenſe.
Oh! dart into his Soul thy Agonies---
Thy Conſcience-ſtirring Pangs, thy gracious Throes;
Till he perceive, how vain was his attempt,
The Office of the Spirit to diſplay,
Whoſe renovating rays he ne'er had felt.
Make him confeſs, with penitent remorſe,
The fatal Errors of that graceleſs Piece:
Tho' dry his eyes, tho' ſtony is his heart;
Strike Thou the Rock---the Waters will guſh out.
Why ſuch a waſte of precious Time to prove

[q]—*Human Erudition*, &c.] Learning is the abomination of Deſolation. It is Apoſtaſy from God and Goodneſs. Carnal Senſe is the Old Serpent. It is Idolatry. Literature and Skill in Languages nouriſh Pride and Contention, and have nothing at all to do with Religion. LAW's Addreſs to the Clergy.
N. B. Mr. W——y ſays, it was Law's Chriſtian Perfection, which gave him the firſt hint of planning the Reſtoration of the Goſpel.

Divine Legation? That great Theme demands
A Vindication from ſuperior Strength.
Awake him from this wild, deluſive Dream;
That clearly he may ſee and comprehend,
None, none but Saints, are equal to that Taſk.
Illumine his dark Mind, that he may know,
How much the Paſt'ral Character's debas'd
By Diſſertations on vile Pagan Rites,
So interlarded with the proud Parade
Of Hebrew, Latin, French, and Grecian Scraps,
Like Patches ſprinkled on an Harlot's Face.
Splendor of Parts and Genius may he ſcorn,
Thoſe Tinſel-Ornaments of Earth-born Pride!
And know--Vain Man!--The Fruit, which tempted Eve,
Was Thirſt of Knowledge---Source of all our Woe.
Come Pow'r Angelic! that curs'd Charm diſſolve,
Which captivates his Soul, and ties him down
To fond Embraces of that captious Dame,
Fierce Disputation, Offspring of proud Lore.
His Magazines of Literary Stores
May he conſign to dark Oblivion's Tomb;

And no more ranſack Egypt for Renown,
Nor toil in vain for Hieroglyphic Fame.
Let him launch out into the nobler Themes,
The Themes of Purity and Light reſtor'd—
THERE point his fire---THERE all his Zeal exert,
His controverſial, his polemic rage.
But above all, Celeſtial Spirit! raiſe,
Increaſe and fix his languid, ſtagg'ring Faith:
Nor let Impoſſibilities obſtruct
His quick Aſſent: more and more Strength ſtill add;
Till Mountains it can ſink to Vales; or Vales
Swell to the height of tow'ring Tenariffe.
Oh! for a Flame, his Writings to conſume!
Volume on Volume heap! and let the Laſt,
That virulent, that moſt malicious Piece,
Which in falſe colours paints the SACRED BAND,
High riſing tip the Summit of the Pile.
Blaze! blaze! ye impious Pages, blaze!
Whilſt Saints triumphant pour forth grateful Strains;
And the repenting Author joins the Song.
But when the Fire its pious work has done,

May this Burnt-off'ring expiate his Crimes!
Hear! Pity! ſpare!---May he be born again!
Oh! glorious Proſpect! he who now ſtands forth
Our fierceſt Foe, ſhall be our fierceſt Friend.
The Judge ſupreme of Learning, Senſe, and Wit,
In all the Realms of Science Paramount,
Shall to his Rivals eaſily reſign
The fond pre-eminence in Critic Art;
Drop his gigantic Port, and letter'd Pride,
Scorn the falſe luſtre of a mitred State;
And Bethlem's Fields to Gl----r's Throne prefer.
Heav'ns! in our Tabernacles how he ſtands
Shining diſtinguiſh'd 'midſt Religion's Chiefs!
See him the Firſt in Myſtic Scenery---
A Garrick on the Theatres of Grace!
Now thou, Melpomene, the Tragic Muſe,
So gravely vile, ſo ſolemnly profane,
Complex of Falſhood, Vanity, and Lies,
Shalt by reforming Fury be o'erthrown.
And thou, Thalia, unchaſte, Comic Dame,
Muſt of thy Siſter's Fate partake; and both

To Hell, your native Country, ſhall be ſent.
And ſhall their Temples ſtand! Oh! Heav'n forbid!
Shake, ye Foundations! tumble down, ye Walls!---
They fall! They fall! The Idol-Temples fall!
Hell's Porches, all, are levell'd with the Ground!
With what high tranſport do the Faithful view
The Wreck of Stages, and their ruin'd Pride!
Where are the Actors of theſe curſed Scenes?
Do they eſcape?---Not One of all the Bands.
Soldiers and Sailors, Beggars, Heroes, Pimps,
Coblers and Queens, Peers, Biſhops, Stateſmen, Prieſts,
With all th' attendant Trains, (O glorious Sight!)
In one confuſed heap are there involv'd;
And, buried in the ruins, rotting lie.
Happy Event! Sing and rejoice, O Earth!
Open your Gates, ye Tabernacles, all---
Millions of Edifices add to theſe,
T' admit the thronging, eager, Multitudes:
Or take the Churches of the Reading Drones:
For New-Birth Grace has all her Ends attain'd---
Triumphant over all, She ſits a Queen;

And with unbounded Sway controuls the World.
How pleaſing is her Sway! She's now become
The ſole Delight and Joy, which Mortals taſte---
The only Recreation they deſire.---
Curs'd carnal Sports, and Laughter-loving Wit,
Balls, Oratorios, Concerts, Dancing, Cards,
Routs and Aſſemblies, Ranelagh, Vauxhall,
The Works of Faith ſhall never more obſtruct:
For ev'ry Soul ſhall be a Babe of Grace.

END of the FIRST PART.

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The Saint repairs to the Plains of Bethlemia; *where a numerous Congregation is aſſembled: and, amongſt the reſt, are ſeveral Divines of the Eſtabliſhed Church, whom Curioſity had drawn thither. He takes occaſion from thence to give a Diſſertation upon the moſt efficacious Method of Preaching. He diſplays the ſuperior Excellency of his own Method, and that of his Co-paſtors; and ſets in a contemptible Point of Light the ſtudied Diſcourſes and calm Delivery of the Eſtabliſhed Clergy, expoſing their Timidity, and intereſted Views. The Muſe attempts to point out a ſtriking Similitude in the Practice of that reſpectable Perſonage Mr.* Richard Rock *of* Ludgate-Hill, M. L. *and the venerable Divine Mr.* John W---y, A. M. *Principal of the Foundery in* Moorfields.

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE SECOND.

'LO! to thoſe Plains, where ſtand the Maniac Domes,
Burning with fiery Zeal, repairs the Saint:
And viewing, 'midſt the Crowds aſſembled there,
Some of the Sacred Order---not his Claſs---
Whom Curioſity had thither drawn;
He felt an impulſe in his breaſt ariſe,
To open to their view, in full diſplay,
Thoſe Faculties, which New-Birth Grace inſpires

' *Lo! to thoſe Plains*, &c.] Now know I more and more, that the Lord calls me to the Fields: for no houſe or ſtreet is able to contain Half the People who come to hear the Word. W——D's Journals.

Into the Preachers of the Sacred Band;
And thoſe ſuperior, thoſe celeſtial Gifts,
By which they are enabled to diſpenſe,
With full Effect, the words of Saving Truths.
A flood of fervent Thoughts ſwells his big Breaſt:
And down amidſt the Throng the Torrent pours:
Whilſt, round his Sacred Head, the Faithful ſee
Rays of anticipated Glory ſhine.
Hark!—he begins!—Keep ſilence, ye Profane!
Charg'd with a Meſſage from the King of Kings,
Behold me here in plenitude of Pow'r!
Truth on my Lips, and Healing on my Wings:
To You I bring, who have not yet receiv'd
The ſalutiferous Bleſſing of true Faith.
Liſten, ye Sinners, to THE SENT OF GOD!
The Method of Salvation is reſtor'd:
Diſtemper'd Souls may now be ſafely heal'd;
The Ancient Remedies, again reveal'd,
By Me, and my Co-paſtors, are diſpens'd,
Not in a medicated Potion to the Mouth,
But to the Patient's open Ear apply'd,
And SERMONS term'd—Not ſuch as gently flow,

In labour'd Declamations, ſoft and mild—
Fictitious, vain, and unavailing Means!
No—'TIS THE GIFT OF SPEAKING TO THE HEART,
AND DARTING TO THE BRAIN DISTRACTING SOUNDS.
But if ye love your precious Souls, take heed—
Beware of Counterfeits, the banes of Health;
And hear th' unerring Marks, which I point out,
The Genuine, from the Spurious, to diſcern.
True Goſpel-Preachers this firm Conduct hold—
Scorning the Uſe of frigorific Rules,
The Aid of Reaſon, and of Human Senſe,
On that Celeſtial Spirit they rely,
Who over Faith and Grace reſtor'd preſides.
She prompts the Sentiment—She ſwells the Phraſe,
Inflames the Periods, and directs the Voice
In all the awful Majeſty of Sounds.
Avaunt then, REASON! A Logician here
The Face of Vanity and Folly wears.
'Tis Heat—'tis Fire, Imagination ſtrong—
'Tis Light—New Light, and flaming Energy;
Which catch the Soul, and hurry it to Life.
Come in a troop, ye ardent Paſſions, all!

Into the Sacerdotal Breaſt inject
Thoſe Graces, which develop and expand
Mortals compreſs'd and folded in the Womb,
And give—Oh! give them to be born again.
But how proceeds the poliſhed Divine?—
Touch'd with vain Hopes of Literary Fame,
He to his Cloſet ſoberly retires—
There ranſacks Authors—calls up all the Aid
Of carnal Erudition---all the Flow'rs
Of Rhetoric he culls---ranges each Thought---
Each Sentence meaſures with elab'rate Care;
And fondly hopes, he hath, at length, compos'd
An elegant Diſcourſe.---Such let it be;
And like a finiſh'd Portraiture appear;
Which to the Eye a beauteous Form preſents;
But Life, or Heat, or Motion, there is none.
Thus with the previous Requiſite ſupply'd,
Lo! he aſcends!---Now hear him, if you can,
In a dull, lazy, languid Monotone,
Drawl forth the Labours of his weary'd Pen;
Adorn'd, it ſeems, with diction ſmooth and terſe,
But not a Syllable to wring the Soul.

If e'er at Future Puniſhments he hint;
It is in ſo diſpaſſionate a Key,
As if the Vengeance of Almighty Ire
Were cool at his own Spirit. Coward Prieſt!
What!—No Attempt to melt the flinty Heart?
No Thunder of Damnation, and Hell-Flames?
No—All is cold—for Prudence chill'd his Fire;
When thus ſhe whiſper'd in his liſt'ning Ear—
Are you diſtracted?—Venture to inſult
Potent Iniquity on her high Seat?
This Man's a Patron—That, a Lord or Duke:
And Ladies are too delicate to bear
The horrid Claſh of Adamantine Chains.
Truſt not to Merit:—Merit fills few Stalls;
And on Rich Livings is as ſeldom found.
PLOUGH WITH THE HEIFER:† *Dalilah's ſoft Art*
A ſecret Influ'nce, in the Church, maintains,
Scarce leſs than Open Purchaſe daily boaſts.
Have you not Children?—Have you not a Wife?
Be wiſe—forbear—or you will never riſe.

† ——*Dalilah's*——] See Judges, Chap. xiv. Ver. 18.

Drawn

Drawn by ſond Hopes, and aw'd by ſhameful Fear,
The ſoft, the gentle Method he purſues,
That palatable ſpecies of Addreſs;
Which to the Humours of the graceleſs Great
Bends baſely ſervile. Spirit of New Birth!
Canſt thou forgive this Sacerdotal Sin?
What point has this ſweet Orator now gain'd?---
—Prudence holds forth her Compliments and Hopes---
Tells him, he is eſteem'd a well-bred Man,
Who will not ſhock ſweet Delicacy's ear,
To ſave ten thouſand Souls from Death and Hell:
And ſtill ſhe points out Dignity and Wealth.
If not in Lawn he ſhine; or riſe a Dean;
Perhaps a good Prebendal Stall he'll fill.
But ſhould theſe fail, as poſſibly they may;
Still with a ſecret tranſport he reflects
On fancied Praiſe, and all the Joys of Fame.
His Merit ſtate. He hath exhibited
An Entertainment ſuited to the Taſte
Of thoſe, who will not bear an harſh Rebuke;
And fondly hope, the Breeze of flowing Strains,
Gentle Advice, will waft their Souls to Bliſs.

Theſe he has gain'd:—A num'rous Tribe, I ween.
Sinners may praiſe him; and REVIEWERS, ſpare.
Heav'ns! what a Meſſenger of God is here!
He, who is bid to lift his Voice on high,
Loud as the Burſt of Thunder in the Skies,
In a ſoft Tone, exhorts to Sin no more;
Since Moral Virtue, haply, in her Courſe,
More Joys may yield, than Vice could ever boaſt.
Then to excite a Thirſt for Heavenly Bliſs,
The Path he ſmooths, and widens the Strait Gate;
That ev'ry Soul may eaſy Entrance find.
Is this a Goſpel-Preacher, who points out
A diff'rent Path, from That, his Maſter mark'd?
Narrow and rough is THIS:—THAT, wide and plain—
One leads to Heav'n—the other down to Hell.
Ill does the Pulpit ſuit th' abandon'd Prieſt,
Whom, or Ambition, or the Dread of Pow'r,
Prompts to delude the Souls, he has in charge.
Come down, thou baſe Betrayer of thy Truſt!
Thy Office let another take; who knows
How to diſpenſe the Word of Sacred Truth;
Who this vile Globe, its Dignities and Wealth

Nobly contemns; whoſe aim is Virtue's Meed,
Advancement to a Crown in Realms above.
Fir'd by this Hope, he will not overlook,
Nor wink at Vice, tho' ſeated on a Throne.
He brands Tranſgreſſors of the higheſt Rank;
Not ſeeks to pleaſe, but to correct their Taſte:
And if he can't reform; he dares condemn:
For independent is THE SENT OF GOD.
Not with the ſilken Cords of Love he draws;
But drives with Fury's Scourge to Paths of Grace
The erring Sinners, and by Horrors ſaves.
Smooth, milky Elegance of Style he ſcorns:
And ſoft Perſuaſion dwells not on his Lips.
'Tis th' Inſurrection of fierce mental Pow'rs,
By which he triumphs over Sin and Hell—
'Tis by a ſtrong inflammatory Heat,
He to his Babes that bleſſed Rage imparts,
Which marks the Members of the GODLY BAND.
When the Deformity of Sin he paints—
His Indignation—how ſignificant!—
Fire in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice!
See how he darts Abhorrence and Diſdain;

Whilſt

Whilſt the ſame feelings in the Audience riſe,
As he preſents the Monſter's odious form!
When a bright Goſpel-Beauty he portrays;
Not with Your Colours does he tinge the Piece,
(Ye languid Painters of Seraphic Forms!)
But Colours dipt in ſtrong Ethereal Flames.
And whilſt her ſacred Graces he diſplays;
He cannot by appearance be deceiv'd;
Since with her charms he's ſo familiar grown,
Has ſuch an inward and unerring teſt;
That due proportions he muſt, ſure, obſerve;
And her true Eſſence clear to ſight unfold:
For ev'ry feeling, which within him ſtirs,
Reflects her Image; and no Paſſions riſe,
Which do not call the fair Idea forth.
Thus Maſter of his Subject, and arous'd
By real Paſſion, from the very Life,
Warm from his own pure Heart, he draws;
And New-Birth Grace in her true form preſents.
He, and He only, who with Spirit feels,
With Spirit paints, of full ſucceſs ſecure.
'Tis from ſuch feelings of the Inward Man,

That Preachers captivate the Hearers' Souls—
'Tis hence we ſting the hardeſt Sinners' Hearts—
Sting, but not vex: The Joy exceeds the Pain:
And pangs, like theſe, it is a bliſs to bear:
A while they ſuffer, to enjoy the cure.
Into a deep attentive ſilence caſt,
See how THE THOUSANDS dwell upon our lips,
Pleas'd, tho' aſtounded with terrific Sounds!
Whilſt Actors mimic what the Conſcience feels;
We raiſe, not imitate, the horrid Pangs;
And, like the dread Hand-writing on the Wall,
Awake Remorſe, and call up fell Deſpair.
And, tho' the ſhock drive Reaſon from her ſeat;
It ſaves the Soul; which Reaſon would deſtroy.
When an abandon'd Sinner I behold
Tenebrious erring on the brink of Hell;
Weeps my ſad Soul—with anguiſh bleeds my Heart---
Furious I haſten to prevent his fall—
Truſt not to feeble Admonition's aid;
But from the peril drag him by mere force---
Force of horrific and compulſive Sounds,
Dealing about Damnation, and Hell-Flames!

Thus is a paſſage open'd unto Grace:
For till a Sinner fully is convinc'd,
That Hell, his due deſert, muſt be his Lot;
A ſingle Step he never will advance
In that Strait Path, which leads to Realms of Bliſs.
But thus alarm'd, Damnation he expects.
Then Groans and Sighs ſucceed, and then Deſpair---
And next, dire Conflicts with Satanic Powers;
Which Pray'r produce, and Pray'r produces Faith;
And Faith, New Birth.---Thus Man is born again.
---Such are th' Effects of Apoſtolic Sounds!
Now, a New Man---his elevated Soul
Scorns this low World, and to the Skies aſpires.
' So Kites factitious wave aloft in air,
Rais'd and ſupported by the breath of wind.
Such is our Pathos! This the true Sublime!
And thus Mankind from Sin and Hell are ſav'd!

' *So Kites factitious*, &c.] It is obſervable, that the Modern Saints in their Religious Diſcourſes condeſcend to low Images, the better to accommodate themſelves to the Bulk of their Hearers.

But how do you proceed, ye calm Divines?
You reaſon—or clear up a doubtful Text.
But what does This avail?—Can you produce
A ſingle Inſtance of a Second Birth,
Rais'd by the force of all your learned pains,
Sweet flow of language, and melodious voice?—
Not Reaſon, but our Paſſions are the ſprings,
Whence Action flows. If once that ſource be ſtop'd;
Unmov'd, inactive, muſt we ſtill remain.
Creatures ſo liſtleſs, ſo ſupine as Men,
Dry Speculations never can arouſe:
Nor can cool Language melt obdurate Hearts;
Or Logic mollify Infernal Rage.
Fools! to imagine Satan grown ſo tame,
As to be ſchool'd and argued into Peace!
Not yet ſupine, nor void of rage, he ſtill
Roars for his prey, and traverſes the Earth.
Why trim your Lamps? Why all that Oil conſume?
Why turn o'er Volumes? Study ply ſo cloſe?
In vain your Lamps are trim'd, your Oil conſum'd!
In all your quarters, Sin and Hell prevail.

What

What then have all your bulky Tomes confer'd?
A Literary Fame, perhaps, is gain'd:—
A fatal Meed! Salvation comes not thence.
Ye poliſh'd Prieſts, of Elegance ſo vain!
Soft tho' your Diction—ſmooth as Oil your Voice;
Yet what connexion can the cleareſt Sight
Between fine Language and New Birth diſcern?
No dulcid Periods, no melodious Tone,
Can e'er awake the dull, Legarthic Soul:
He ſleeps—and maugre your attempts, will ſtill ſleep on.
It is the bleſſing of true Faith reſtor'd,
That burſt of Language, and that mode of Speech,
Which Groans and Shrieks, and Agonies excite;
And into Virtue's Path compel the Soul.
With dread and with delight, at once, we're heard:
By long Experience taught we are aſſur'd;
Tho' Breaks ſhould intervene, Connexion fail,
And uncouth Phraſes here and there be drop'd;
Unheeded they will drop, amidſt the Roar
And ſtormy Tumult of our Vocal Sounds.
Aſſiduous Art in vain corrects the Page---
Endleſs your Labour---fruitleſs all your Toil!

You never thus can triumph over Sin.
Ours is the Palm; who guiltleſs of vain care,
Deſpiſe the dull reſource of ſtudied rules.
No Spirit-numbing Cogitation checks
The ready Tongue; which darts forth eaſy Pow'rs---
Which wins the Ear---which captivates the Heart.
And whilſt you vainly try to DRAW; WE DRIVE,
We FORCE the Sinner from the fatal Doors
Into the Domes of Chaſtity and Grace:
Drops from his Hand th' Infernal Fiery Cup:
Curſes and Oaths no more his God profane;
And to the flames are Cards and Plays conſign'd.
Ah! cold Inſenſates! Ah! torpeſcent Prieſts!
When will you learn of Us to act your Parts?
But know—'Tis Pity calls forth theſe complaints;
And Charity compels me to upbraid.
Oh! may your Boſoms catch our ardent Flame—
Your frozen Virtue melt before our Fire!
How ſtand you now? Have I arous'd your Zeal?
Are you ambitious to redeem from Hell,
And ſave the Souls committed to your charge?
One way there is---You muſt be born again:

Save your own Souls---then, others you may ſave.
But what can aid you in that arduous work?
Not all your Learning, Reaſon, Wit, and Senſe;
Nor all the Pow'rs and Dignities you boaſt.
High as you are, to Us you muſt deſcend:
Th' obſtetric Med'cines in Our Hands are lodg'd;
And we, alone, diſpenſe the Heav'nly Boon---
The Cure infallible for Souls diſeas'd.
Th' illuſtrious Rock, and venerable Saint,
Their Art and Wiſdom equally diſplay.
A ſov'reign Nostrum, both in kindred Phraſe
Boaſt with becoming Confidence. The One,
Morbific Humours of the Body cures:---
The Other, every Mental Malady.
In miſſive Hand-bills, and Quotidian News,
This Sage proclaims the virtues of his Pill:
The Other, flying ſpreads himſelf abroad: [ſpeeds,
Eaſt---Weſt---North---South---now here, now there, he
Vaunting unerring Skill to re-inſtate
The lapſed Soul in Goſpel-Purity.
*The Leech, to raiſe the Glory of his Art,

* *The Leech* —] The old Saxon term for Phyſician.

Diſplays

Diſplays a Patent under Royal Seal:
[x] The FLAMEN boaſts a Patent from the Skies.
Each by ſome ſecret Spell or Magic Charm,
Excites a pow'rful, efficacious Faith,
Productive of a lib'ral, willing Fee,
For Health infallibly to be reſtor'd.
But ſhould The Fiend be ſuffer'd to obſtruct,
And fruſtrate by his Wiles the wiſh'd Succeſs;
Each has a Pow'r, nor does he lack the Will,
To free the wretched Patient from his Pain;
And lay him---where the Weary be at reſt.
Thus ſimilar their Steps. Not ſo their Paths:
For in Lines Parallel they, conſtant, move;
And therefore, Face to Face have never met.
The One, Man's Body, ſcarce worth ſaving, holds;
Nor higher of the Soul, the Other deems.
But ſtill, the Points, reſpective, in their Views,
In mode congenial, ſtrictly are purſu'd:
And equal is their Skill, and equal their Renown.

[x] *The Flamen*——] An Order of Prieſts amongſt the ancient Romans.

When

When thus the Critic, joyous, had diſplay'd
(For Criticiſm, like This, he much admires)
His Theoretic Knowledge in the Art
Of ſalutif'rous Preaching, he proceeds
His Rules Didactic to exemplify.
This he now executes in ardent Strains,
The higheſt Tone of Action and of Voice,
The Blaze of Sanctity and Rage of Zeal.
Deeply affected, as He is Himſelf;
Deeply affected muſt the Hearers be:
Whilſt that bleſs'd Fury, which he recommends,
Springs fervent forth; and ruſhing to the Sight,
Forces Conviction on th' enlighten'd Soul.

END of the SECOND PART.

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE THIRD.

THE

SERMON.

ARGUMENT.

The Preacher introduces the Objections of Unbelievers to the Literal Interpretation of his Text. He refutes them. A memorable Narrative of the miraculous Cure of an Horſe and his Rider. The Station and Character of that excellent Brute. His Death and Burial. An Owl perches on the Head of the Preacher, and gives ſome Interruption to the Diſcourſe. The Saint's Diſplay of his own Excellencies. The Virtues and Happineſs of his Babes. His Deſcent to the Bottom of the Ocean. He preaches to the Human Inhabitants of the Deep. Numbers of them are converted. He proceeds to urge on his Hearers the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of becoming Converts to his Syſtem of Religion. Their Hearts begin to melt. He prays for a Sign to confirm the Belief of his Miſſion. The Ghoſt of a late famous Divine appears, and points to an Omen, on the Top of Bethlem's *Hoſpital. The Shade returns to Heaven without ſpeaking a Word. The Auditors ſee and recogniſe the Portent. The Labour of New Birth commences.*

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE THIRD.

THE

SERMON.

HEAR what th' inſpir'd Evangeliſt affirms--

Jeſus to Nicodemus thus reply'd——
O Thou great Rabbi of the Hebrew Laws!
A Truth, to thee unknown, I now reveal:
Whatever Mortal is not born again,
Muſt from the Beatific Viſion be debar'd;
And doom'd to Regions of Eternal Woe.

BRETHREN,

THeſe words, thus poſitive and clear,
The carnal Critic vainly ſtrives to wreſt;
And forcing FIGURE to his needful aid,
Plain Truth involves in Allegoric Clouds.

Doctrine

Doctrine abſurd---the Sophiſter exclaims—
How can it be? Can Man adult, full grown,
Enter again into his Mother's womb?
In ſpace ſo narrow and confin'd can ſhe
Again receive him?---He again return?
Can Nature's Laws be thus revers'd; or Man
Such glaring Inconſiſtencies believe?
Terms ſo abſurd could never be requir'd
By Wiſdom Infinite: nor can our God,
The tender Parent of Mankind, condemn
His hapleſs Offspring to Eternal Pains,
Not for their diſobedience to his will,
But for their impotence to execute
What his Omnipotence can ſcarce perform.
Who is converted from a State of Sin,
Is the ſame Being---is not born again,
But in reſemblance and analogy:
The Perſonal Identity remains;
A Moral Change alone, the Scripture marks.

Thus Reaſon talks, weak, captious, Diſputant,
Poor, feeble Nature's arrogant Ally—
The narrow viſion of whoſe clouded Mind,

The

The Heights of Myſtic Truths can never reach:
But I, who from the womb, a ſecond time
Have been extracted---I who have ſhook off
All human Senſe, that bane of genuine Grace,
Here, bold, aver,---You may be born again---
By Heav'ns! You muſt---or be for ever loſt.
When by the Preaching of the Truth reſtor'd,
A Sinner feels fierce ſtruggles in his breaſt;
And doubts and ſad deſpair diſtract his Soul;
Then Faith begins her work: The Pray'rs of Saints
Riſe to the Skies, and haſten the Event.
And now the Delegate of Heav'n appears,
The Operation, eager, to complete.
A new production, which exiſted not
Before this time, a new created Soul,
Into the Pineal Gland is now infus'd;
The Old Inhabitant who ſtraight attacks;
And drives him forth, a Vagabond in air.
The flagrant Sinner thus commences Saint:
Juſt ſo the Image carv'd by Phidias' Hand,
[y] Jove's Statue once, Saint Peter's is become;

[y] *Jove's Statue*, &c.] Several ancient Statues of the Heathen Gods have been baptized, and turned into Images of Chriſtian Saints.

Baptiſmal

Baptiſmal Grace expells the Heathen Pow'r---
The Tenant's chang'd--the Manſion is the ſame.
This Work of Faith, Wiſdom to Wind compares:
We hear the Sound; and its Effects perceive:
That's all we know: its Proceſs Phyſical,
Its Mode of Acting, is from us conceal'd.
It comes—but whence? then, quick, away it goes—
But whither does it go? Tell if thou canſt,
Thou proud, weak, carnal, doubting, reas'ning Man!
Though this great Truth to you a falſhood ſeem—
How much ſoever oppoſite to Senſe---
Dare you the ſacred Oracle reject?
My Miſſion to the World is clearly prov'd;
And that a God infus'd into my Soul
Each individual Doctrine which I preach.
If then, what you call CIRCLES, I pronounce,
That Heav'n bids you deem Quadrangular;
Will you believe your Eyes?---Will you conſult
Reaſon, that erring, that deluſive Guide,
Rather than truſt Infallibility?
Ah! then (ſad Caſe!) Perdition is your Lot!
We never can admit you to THE BAND!

Our

Our Faith no limits knows: ſhe firmly holds
That as moſt probable, which ſtands oppos'd
To ev'ry feeling of the Human Senſe.
Yes—tho' Impossible the Tenet be;
Implicit ſhe believes, obedient bows;
And juſtly deems it a moſt awful Truth.
[z] Such Irenæus, was thy boundleſs Faith!
And ſuch is Ours!—O Mania, Thine the Praiſe!
O abject Souls, ſunk in the deepeſt mire—
Souls unenlighten'd by Celeſtial Rays!
With horror I behold your deſp'rate caſe!
Stupid ye are, and dead—quite dead in Sin;
So fondly doating on the curs'd Old Man;
But to the lovely Virtues of the New
Blind and inſenſible. Oh! what avail
[a] Tame Innocence, and undiſſembling Truth,

[z] *Such Irenæus,——*] *Credo quia impoſſibile eſt.* A ſaying aſcribed to that Saint.

[a] *Tame Innocence*, &c.] We do not place Religion in doing no harm, nor in uſing the Ordinances of God. A man may labour in theſe many years, and at the ſame time have no true Religion at all in him. May the Lord God of my Fathers keep me from ſuch a poor, ſtarved Religion as this!
W——y's Character of a Methodiſt.

Placid Belief, and ſoft Humanity?
Thoſe who in Sanctity no higher riſe,
Not Saints, but [b] Moral Reprobates, I deem.
Chriſtians can ye be call'd?—My Quadrupede
That appellation far more juſtly claims:
[c] For when to ſave a ſad departing Soul,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er rocks and bogs I rode;
Sore pain'd my Head, ſore gall'd my tender Skin,
My Steed, a willing Partner in the Work,
Puſh'd forward, eager (Pious Brute!) to reach,
Before it was too late, the dying Man;
But on a ſudden ſtop'd, by ſome curs'd Fiend
Struck paralytic:—Motionleſs as Death

[b] ——*Moral Reprobates*, &c.] It is moſt notorious, that for moralizing Iniquity the Land mourneth. Here was one Mr. Steward, who conſtantly attended the Means of Grace, exact in his morals, humane and courteous in his behaviour, who gave much alms, and was frequent in duties, and yet was as deſtitute of any experimental Knowledge of Chriſt, as thoſe on whom his Name was never called, and who ſtill ſit in darkneſs and the ſhadow of death. W——D.

[c] *For when to ſave a ſad*, &c.] I went to viſit a poor Sinner, who lay on his death-bed. My Horſe, in an inſtant, was moſt exceeding lame: he could ſcarce ſtir a foot. My Head ached, and I was grievouſly ſick and tired. What I aver, is a naked fact: Let every man judge of it, as he ſees good. I then thought with myſelf—Cannot God heal either man or beaſt by any means, or without any. Immediately, my Wearineſs and Head-ach, and my Horſe's Lameneſs, at the ſame time. W——Y's Journals.

He ſtood—fain would have ſpoke;—but Sighs and Sobs,
And heavy Groans he fetch'd, and Tears he ſhed;
Not for himſelf he ſhed, but for the poor,
The hapleſs Soul, who languiſh'd for my aid.
Here was a caſe, which quick relief requir'd;
And quick relief I found. Into my breaſt
Ruſh'd an high flood of Faith—when, loud I cried,
O Goddeſs! thou canſt heal or Man, or Beaſt,
With or without a medicated Drug.—
A naked fact (ye Heav'ns!) I here relate—
When in an inſtant vaniſh all my pains;
And pleaſing Eaſe to Laſſitude ſucceeds:—
Inſtant, the Animal his ears erects—
Feels the warm joy of renovated life,
And ſtimulated by a ſecret force,
Than ſpur more pungent far, away he ſpeeds,
Leaving his lameneſs and the wind behind!
If Heav'n did, erſt, [d] a Brute of ſluggiſh race,
Appoint the Inſtrument of his rebukes;
Why might not then my noble, gen'rous Beaſt,

[d] —*a Brute of ſluggiſh race,*] Balaam's Aſs.

That Horſe, whoſe Rider was THE SENT OF GOD,
Be called to aſſiſt the Sacred Band,
As Courier in the Work of Saving Faith?—
Call'd, ſure, he was, and well diſcharg'd his Truſt.---
But he is dead! Ah! SWIFTFOOT is no more!—
And in our Tabernacle's ſacred Pale
His Reliques reſt,—O pious Brute, farewell!
Ye faithleſs Sceptics! if you doubt this fact,
Then ſhew, how Human Pow'r could e'er effect
A Cure like this, at once, on Man and Beaſt.
Ne'er did great ROCK, or greater MISAUBIN,
The Patient's maladies, with all their ſkill,
In one ſhort moment perfectly remove.
'Tis the Phyſician of an higher claſs,
A New-Birth Deity, which with a Word,
A Nod, a Look, Diſeaſes can expel
From Man or Brute, and inſtant Health reſtore.
What! do you laugh—Audacious Infidels?—
Inſult the Majeſty of Sacred Truth?
Know--Vengeance is at hand--She comes--ſhe's there!
Hark! her dread fury murmurs thro' the ſkies,
To dart uplifted Thunder on your heads.

But ye are blind; and thence my pity claim:
Pardon their crime, O Goddeſs of The Band!
Avert the Puniſhment—'Tis gone! 'Tis gone!
The heav'nly Bolt has ſpent its fiery rage
[e] On one of thoſe proud Fanes, whoſe frigid Prieſts
Lull to fond reſt IGNAVIA's drowſy Sons.
Ye unregen'rate Souls, come, tell me now,
Have ye a Thought about Futurity?
Would you eſcape the Puniſhments of Hell?
Do you aſpire to the Celeſtial Bliſs?—
Know then, that SAINTS alone that Bliſs attain.
If ſuch you would be call'd—then tell me where---
Where is that Wiſdom from above, which ſcorns
All Earth-born Prudence, Reaſon, cautious Fear!
[f] Reaſon is SELF; and Self you muſt renounce;

Or

[e] *On one of thoſe proud Fanes*, &c.] St. Bride's Church, ſtruck with Lightning whilſt the Saint was preaching.

[f] *Reaſon is Self*, &c.] How can any Man deny Himſelf, without denying his Reaſon, unleſs Reaſon be no part of Himſelf. Whatever comes immediately from SELF, ſuch as Natural Reaſon and Prudence, can have no better Nature within, than the very Works of the Devil.
LAW's Addreſs to the Clergy.

The

Or as Apoſtates vile, renounce your Creed.
Quit too you muſt for ever, and abhor
The Gifts of Nature, and the Joys of Art.
Human Endowments, ſplendid tho' ſet off,
Are but the colourings of th' inſidious Fiend:
From HELL they came---To HELL may they return!
Theſe words burſt out with ſuch a thund'ring Sound,
As wak'd the ſolitary, ſapient, Bird;
Who in the Ruins of an ancient Pile
Diurnal ſlept: whence ruſhing out ſhe flies
Quick to the Roſtrum; and there, gravely bold,
Perches, irreverent, on th' Apoſtle's Head;
As if (ſome judg'd) intending to enforce
The Preacher's Love—Conjecture wide of Truth!
It was to vindicate her ſleep diſturb'd,
The ſweet oppreſſion, which delights her Soul:
For thrice ſhe ſcreeches out her vengeful Ire;
And a foul token of indignant ſcorn

The Father of Lies was the Father of Reaſonings alſo. I obſerved every day more and more, the advantage Satan had gained over us: Many were thrown into idle Reaſonings. Many of our Siſters are ſhaken thereby: and Betty and Eſther H. are moſt grievouſly torn by Reaſonings.
W——Y's Journals.

Leaving

Leaving behind, triumphant wings her way.
The Saints opin'd, ſome Fiend aſſum'd that form,
To interrupt the Preacher in the Work,
And ſacred Truths with Ridicule oppoſe—
A Vice, which doubtleſs is deriv'd from Hell,
Too fondly copy'd by her Sons on Earth.
This Incident the ſerious Muſe eſteems
A proper Emblem of Malignant Hearts—
So deem'd the Saint, pauſing awhile, and then
Proceeded in his Heavenly Diſcourſe.

Where is that godly Zeal, which knows no bounds?
Where that Seraphic Love, which fires the Soul?—
Your gelid Piety, your temp'rate Warmth,
The Favour of that Pow'r can never gain,
Who claims the Ardor of th' impaſſion'd Breaſt;
And cool Devotion with diſdain rejects.
Inceſſant boil the boſoms of the Saints,
Delight in Heat; and court the raging Flame.
Wond'rous Exceſs! delectable, and good!
We burn—and yet we bleſs the fiery Cauſe!
The Eaſtern Nations thus ador'd the Sun,
Tho' ſcorch'd with all the ardor of his Beams.

Where

Where are *your* Tranſports, Ecſtaſies, and Rage,
Thoſe happy Ebullitions of the Soul?
Alas! no Frenzy robs you of your Selves;
No godly Freaks preſage approaching Grace:
All---All is dull, exanimate and cold.
This calm quieſcence on the ſtill ſmooth Sea,
Can never give you the expected Port:---
Looſe all the Sails, and cut the foamy way,
Regardleſs of the fierce, and bellowing Roar:---
Oh! bid the Winds to blow---to blow a Storm,
Ye Pow'rs Angelic, who preſide in Air!
O Zeal, thou ſplendid Honour of the Saints!
Inſpir'd by Thee we move, we act, we breathe,
We think, we ſpeak: Wherever we appear,
In Houſes, Tabernacles, Streets, or Fields,
High-ways, or Hedges; Thou art with us ſtill.
If we ſing Praiſe, we raiſe the fervent Voice:
The flames of Seraphim exceed not Ours:
And if we weep---for Saints will weep for Joy---
Not ſcanty are the Tears---In ſtreams they flow:
But whilſt we ſeem to moan, our Souls rejoice.

Furious

—Furious our Hatred—Furious is our Love!
To bleſs'd Extremities we ever ſwell.
*With what prevailing force our fervid Vows,
Aided by Thee, the Throne of Grace aſcend!
But what becomes of your cold Oriſons,
Ye ſons of lukewarm, timid Piety?
Feeble in wing, they ne'er can mount aloft;
But, fruſtrate, are diſpers'd, and loſt in air.
He who aſpires to win th' immortal Crown,
Muſt ſtorm Heav'n's Gates: That glorious Diadem
Is not the Portion of a Mod'rate Man,
But of the violent, determin'd Soul,
Who with compulſive ſpirit ruſhing on,
Embarks, undaunted, in the bold Emprife;
Reſolves to conquer, and will force the Prize.
Where is that ſaving, efficacious FAITH,
Which the full evidence of things unknown
Moſt ſtrongly feels—moſt clearly comprehends—

* *With what prevailing force*, &c.] St. Baſilius affirms, that our Prayers are never acceptable, till the Ardor of them carries us out of Ourſelves—So that God poſſeſſes us in ſome extraordinary manner. The Modern Saints juſtly maintain the ſame opinion.

[h] That Faith, which, to the Juſt, Perfection gives—
That Eſſence of Salvation—All in All—
[i] The Eye, the Ear, and Palate of the Soul—
Sees Things inviſible—hears Words not ſpoke,
And with delicious Satisfaction taſtes
Thoſe Sweets, which mortal Lips can never touch!
Romantic Tale! the impious Scoffer cries—
Mad is the Preacher—mad the Hearer too;
Who this advances, or who this believes.
Hold, raſh Objector! Inſults nothing prove:
Awful attend, and hear the Voice of Truth.
In the Great Moment of the Second Birth;
When NATURE ſhrinks, and yields the Palm to FAITH;
(Hear all ye Nations! Hear ye Infidels!)
[k] A Claſs of New-created Senſes darts

[h] *That Faith which, to the Juſt, Perfection gives*—] We fix this concluſion—that a true Chriſtian is ſo far perfect, as not to commit Sin—Yea, tho' he be not an Adult, but only a Babe in Chriſt. W——y's Appeal.

[i] *The Eye, the Ear*, &c.] Faith is the Eye of the Soul, which looks into Eternity—It is the Ear of the Soul, and really hears the Voice of God—It is the Palate of the Soul, and taſtes, even in This World, the Joys of the Other. Ibid.

[k] *A Claſs of New-created Senſes*, &c.] By a new Claſs of Senſes given to the Soul, ſhe is enabled to ſee God face to face; to diſcover the Works of Providence, and ſoar with Eagles' Wings above this World. Ibid.

Into the Soul!---Theſe no connection hold
With thoſe weak Organs form'd of Fleſh and Blood;
But are of Heav'nly, immaterial Caſt;
Rays of Divinity ſent from the Skies;
Which throw ſuperior Luſtre on the Saints,
And open ſuch amazing Scenes of Joy,
Advance our Faculties to ſuch an height,
That Nature's Senſories they ſuperſede;
Which now with us in low eſteem are held:
And thoſe Improvements of our native Frame,
Which Faith imparted, are our only Truſt.
We feel! We feel! moſt palpably now feel
That wond'rous Pow'r; [l] with Shadows which obſcures
The bliſsful Souls, [m] and gives them to behold
The clouded Glory of th' Almighty King,
In bright Inviſibility enthron'd,---
A raviſhing Delight to Faithful Eyes!

[l] ---*with Shadows which obſcures*, &c.] There are fifteen Degrees of Divine Contemplation, one of which is, the Viſion of God in Obſcurity. NORRIS.
It is the Power of the Higheſt overſhadowing the Saint, that he may ſee God in Obſcurity. W---y.

[m] ---*and gives them to behold*, &c.] On a ſudden I ſaw Heaven open as plain as with my bodily Eyes, and God ſitting upon his Throne. Ibid.

Thus latent Beauties yield an higher Joy;
When we believe, that we unfold their Charms.
Such are thy Operations---O Great Faith!---
But higher ſtill her Bleſſings riſe.---When thus
Nature's weak Senſes, Reaſon's uſeleſs Aid,
And Human Prudence ſhe has ſet aſide---
Advance! My Sons and Daughters, All, advance!---
The Pow'r exclaims—Then opes to higher Scenes—
The various Schemes of Providence unfolds;
(Which ſo perplex the Men of carnal Senſe,)
And gives them to behold and comprehend,
Not thro' obſcure, but thro' tranſparent Glaſs,
The Proceſs of [n] a whole Eternity.
Is any thing too hard for ſuch a Faith?---
Oh! come and ſee, what Miracles we work---
[o] Incurable Diſeaſes how we cure---

[n] —*a whole Eternity.* True Faith opens to the Souls all the Schemes of Providence, and the Proceſs of Eternity. W——y.

[o] *Incurable Diſeaſes*, &c.] As ſoon as we prayed with Mrs. C—, ſhe was inſtantly cured of a Diſeaſe, which was judged to be beyond the Power of Human Aid. Ibid.

Legions

[p] Legions of Devils how we exorciſe;
Or make them take poſſeſſion, where we liſt!
And (more ſtupendous far!)---we dare contend---
[q] Dare WRESTLE with th' Omnipotent Himſelf:
And Deity compel to yield to Men---
"REPTILES ON EARTH---CONTROULERS OF THE SKIES!"
Unthinking Mortals! Whither do you ruſh?
That Road to ſure Deſtruction leads:---The Fiend
Has drawn you thither by inſidious Wiles.
It melts my Heart! 'tis more than I can bear;
To ſee ſuch Numbers on the Brink of Hell;
Which gapes, expectant of your falling Souls.
Let me prevent it---Let me ſave your Souls!
The Sent of God will no Denial take:
[r] For ſince the Marriage of the Lamb is come;
My Heart, my Blood, and all my Soul's on fire,

[p] *Legions of Devils*, &c.] I was ſent for to a Woman in Briſtol, who was poſſeſſed. As ſoon as our Prayers were over, ſhe was filled with Peace and Joy, and knew that the Son of Wickedneſs was departed from Her. W——y.

[q] *Dare Wreſtle*, &c.] We knew that Mr. R— would not recover, unleſs ſome, that were Strong in Faith, would WRESTLE with God for him. Ibid.

[r] *For ſince the Marriage*, &c.] I cried aloud—All things are ready: come ye to the Marriage. I then delivered my meſſage. W——y's Journals.

To

To multiply my Sanctimonious Race:
And with impatient Rachel I exclaim—
Give me, Oh! give me children, or I die!
But if the preſent World I can't reform—
Give me, O God, a new One to create.
Rous'd by warm hopes, I traverſe the wide World,
Itinerant Phyſician, and preſcribe
Med'cines to heal diſtemper'd, wounded Souls.
Nor lenient nor emollient are my Draughts;
And Palliatives my ardent Spirit ſcorns:
But with ſtrong Hellebore I purge the Mind;
And with hot Cauteries I burn away
The gangren'd Parts, and ſave the Soul alive.
If cold and numb'd the Earth-bound Sinner lie;
Then by an Heat, intenſe as Chymic Fire,
From the groſs Body I exhale the Soul;
And lift her up to Heav'n, her native Seat.

* *From the groſs Body*, &c.] The Soul may be wound up to an high degree of Abſtraction by mere Intenſion of rapturous Contemplation; ſo as to ſeparate it from the Body, to untwiſt the Ligaments of the Frame; and, by degrees, almoſt reſolve it into the State of the Dead.

NORRIS on Happineſs, and the Saints,—paſſim.

Or

Or if rank Weeds have over-run the Soil;
And choak'd the Seeds of Sanctity there ſown;
Uſeful no leſs in vegetable Art,
I clear the Ground from ev'ry noxious Weed:
Full well I cultivate the barren Spot;
And teach it to produce ſalubrious Fruit;
On the ſour Stock of Sin Original
The Nectarines of Paradiſe I graft:
Delicious is the meliorated Juice!
Thus qualified, from Pole to Pole I fly;
And now to Chriſtians, now to Iroquois,
Equally Strangers to the Voice of Truth,
The Method of Salvation I proclaim.
[1] In ev'ry City, Village, Hamlet, Field,
The Name of Jesus thro' the Welkin ſounds:
And ev'ry City, Village, Hamlet, Field,
Reverberates the long-forgotten Name:
New Light in Lands of Darkneſs beams around;
And Life is offer'd in the Shades of Death.

[1] *In ev'ry City*, &c.] I went to D——. There I delivered my Meſſage. I inſiſt upon it, that the Name of Jeſus is now preached in numberleſs Places, and that the glad Tidings of the Goſpel are now again conveyed, &c.
W——y. paſſim.

How bleſs'd the Scenes, where Converts I have made--
[u] Where ev'ry Soul, when panting after Bliſs,
Quenching his Thirſt in our Nectareous Streams,
Quaffs Immortality and Joys Divine.
Here Fools true Wiſdom, inſtantly, attain:
For to the Spirit of The Sacred Band,
Who with all Ornaments attended comes,
Empty Apartments are adapted beſt.
Here [x] Sons of Belial Sons of God commence?
And Maids reform'd are wedded unto Chriſt!
[y] Here, at an Age when unregen'rate Babes
Utt'rance articulate have ſcarce attain'd;
My forward Nurſlings carol out my Hymn!—

[u] *Where ev'ry Soul,* &c.] This Religion, which we preach, is the Medicine of Life—the never-failing Remedy for all Evils of Men. Wherever This is, there Virtue, and Wiſdom, and Happineſs, go hand in hand. W——y.

[x] —*Sons of Belial,* &c.] Saving Faith is the Gift of God, which he beſtows on the Ungodly and Unholy—on Thoſe, who, till that hour, were fit only for everlaſting Deſtruction. No Goodneſs in Man precedes this Love of God. W——y and W——n. paſſim.

[y] *Here at an Age,* &c.] I enquired of Mrs. Norton concerning her little Boy, and found he had a continual Fear of God, and an awful Senſe of his Preſence. He went frequently to ſing and pray by himſelf; and had an exceeding Tenderneſs of Conſcience, being ſenſible of the leaſt Sin. He was then near three years old. W——y's Journals.

Joyous

Joyous their hearts—mellifluent the Strains!
And tho' not yet with actual Sins defil'd,
Conſcious of Sin Original, they moan;
And on their little knees remiſſion beg,
With all the deep remorſe of contrite Souls:
Heav'n, hear their pray'rs, and ſend them peace and joy!
See here my Sons!—My pious Daughters ſee!
In what myſterious amity they live,
Imparadis'd in one another's Arms:
And mixing bliſs with bliſs, and flames with flames,
Riſe with united ardour unto Chriſt.
Behold their looks! How goodly is the Face,
Where ev'ry feature wears a pious form,
The ſure expreſſion of th' internal Soul!
Breeding they ſcorn; and Compliments deteſt:
Ne'er into Lying does their Language run;
Unleſs to draw a Sinner from The Fiend;
Or raiſe the Glory of the Sacred Band.
If Holy Paul could wiſh himſelf accurs'd,
To ſave a Remnant of the Hebrew Race;
Well may the Modern Saint ſtep from the Path
Of rigid Verity, to ſave a World.

This Caſe except—Nothing extorts a Lie:—
Glorious Integrity of Life renew'd!
Their Social Meetings never are debas'd
By Carnal Converſe; but of Faith alone,
Of Grace, and Zeal, and New-Birth's Deeds they talk.
And when indulging in the FEAST OF LOVE,
They eat---they drink---then ſing an Hymn, and pray;
From the abundance of the inward Heart,
Breaks forth their Diction, ſweetly intermix'd
With Scripture-phraſes—thoſe mellifluent Sounds,
Which charm, which edify the Hearer's Soul—
Thoſe radiant Pearls; which, ſprinkled here and there
Over the Dreſs of Thought, give a fine Grace,
And caſt a Luſtre on a darkſome Garb.
To worldly Knowledge, no pretence they make;
Low, Earth-born Senſe is not the Boaſt of Saints:
But in Supernal Wiſdom they excell.
No flaſhy Gaiety of Mind throws off
That ſweet Severity of Sanctitude;
Which Rudeneſs checks, and ſtrikes a pleaſing Awe.
Wit dares not ſhew his face amidſt THE BAND:
He is their ſcorn:—They ſing, but never laugh;

Unleſs the Fiend, [a] in ſome unguarded hour,
Lets Nature in, to act again her part.
The Blaze of Piety around them burns;
But not the Blaze or Spark of Merriment,
The Turns of Fancy, or facetious Jeſt.
Earth they deſpiſe---to Heav'n alone aſpire;
And ſtand, like Moses, on Mount Piſgah's Top,
Surveying thence the promis'd Holy Land;
Whoſe fertile Soil abounds with grateful Fruits,
And ev'ry Sweet, delicious to the Soul.
[b] At certain periods, to extend my Plan,
I take my wings, and, eager, fly away
To the profoundeſt of the Ocean's Gulphs:
Where, with a rapid motion---in I plunge;
And in the twinkling of an eye, erect,

[a] *—in ſome unguarded hour,* &c.] See Note infra, Part V.

[b] *At certain periods,* &c.]

Eager for Thee I aſk and pant---
So ſtrong the Principle Divine
Carries me out with ſweet Conſtraint,
Till all my hallow'd Soul be Thine.
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepeſt Sea,
And loſt in thine Immenſity. W——y's Hymns.

Upon the very bottom, firm, I ſtand---
Ten thouſand fathoms is the deep deſcent!
Grand and auguſt the Scene!---more ſtriking far
Than what on Land was ever yet beheld!---
Around I caſt my Eyes; whilſt my Soul feels
Pleaſing amazement, and a ſtill delight.
Here I adore Creation's wond'rous Works;
And Praiſes ſing to Mighty Ocean's God.
Struck with my Strains, the Monſters of the Main
Approach---are ſtill---and liſten to my Voice---
Their Homage pay---and their due diſtance keep.
But not to THEM my Miſſion yet extends---
To Beings of a nobler Claſs I'm ſent,
Of Human Face, and Air, and Shape, exact,
Inform'd with Souls, in dignity ſcarce leſs,
Or leſs ſuſceptible of Truth than Yours.
Quick at my Call, they come, and rev'rent bow,
As to ſuperior, tho' a kindred, Form.
Whate'er I ſay, they clearly comprehend;
(That faculty the Spirit had inſpir'd)
And, glad, inhale the Words of Saving Faith.
Pious their Looks!---Yet, deſtitute of Speech,

Alas!

Alas! they cannot carol out my Hymns:
But Geſtures aptly manifeſt the Will.
Thanks, O ye Pow'rs!—Numbers are born again,
Who ſhall, when Ocean yields up all his Dead,
Out of the Wat'ry Element emerge,
And ſwim for ever in Ethereal Streams.
'Tis thus, I in IMMENSITY am loſt,
O'ercharg'd with all the Knowledge of the Deep:
Which to my Babes, on my return to Earth,
Whilſt in warm diction, gracious, I impart;
How do they hang (Sweet Souls!) upon my lips—
With awful ſilence all the ſtory mark—
And as the Wonders in gradation riſe,
Their Faith, by admiration, is advanc'd;
And with their Faith, riſe higher guſts of Zeal!
Louder and louder now they ſing and pray:
And if the vocal Sounds ſhould chance to fail;
[b] Still unto God without a Voice they ſpeak—
Such aggrandized Raptures fire their Breaſts,

[b] *Still unto God without a Voice*, &c.] Unto Thee, O God, is our Mouth without a Voice. W——y's Chriſtian Perfection.

As overwhelm them with the Weight of Bliſs,
And Soul from Body ſeem to diſunite.
But theſe Excurſions of th' enraptur'd Soul,
The Carnal Man, mechanical may deem:—
Fool! to aſcribe the genuine Teſts of Grace,
The Acts of Spirit, to corporeal Pow'rs!
Can inert Matter lift a Man to God?
Doſt thou not know, we're in a ſep'rate State,
Scarce one remove from th' higheſt Seat of Bliſs?
Doſt thou not ſee, we're Darlings of the Skies—
How fond we lean, and roll ourſelves on Chriſt?
Kiſſes, Careſſes, and endearing Smiles,
Confirm the Paſſion.—Whilſt we thus imbibe
The ſweet Effuſions of a Breath Divine;
Pant our warm Hearts with holy Raviſhment,
Whirlwinds of Piety, and Storms of Zeal.
Thus paſs my Babes their ſweetly-flowing hours,
This World their ſcorn, and all its buſy Cares;
Nor fear th' approach of Death.—And when their Souls,
Deliver'd from the burden of the Fleſh,
Thro' fields of ſpacious Ether wing their way,
Convoy'd by Angels;—Joyous they attune

The Tabernacle Hymns:—The Heav'nly Hoſt
Join in the Concert, and applaud the Strains,
Deeming the Numbers of a New-Birth Muſe,
Not unbefitting the Celeſtial Choir.
But bear in mind, ye Candidates for Grace!
This Sublimate of Joy can never ſpring
From tepid, calm, and ſober Love of God.
No Moderation knows the Perfect Saint;
But to a point collecting all the Rays
Of fervid Zeal, and fierce Seraphic Flames,
Enkindles in his Soul ſo hot a Fire,
As doubtleſs would conſume the Human Frame;
Did it not quickly burſt impetuous forth,
In ſuch luxuriance of external Acts,
So ſtrange an Aggregate of Piety,
That larger Tribute to his God he pays,
Loves and adores him, in a ſingle hour,
More than the temp'rate Vot'ries all their lives.
But tho' my Saints thus dignify'd ſtand forth;
Still they remember; whence the Glory flows:
Kind was the Parent—grateful are the Babes!
Viſits domeſtic when I pay, and knock;

Quick

Quick open flies the hoſpitable Door,
Glad to admit the Meſſenger of God.
There to my Sons I pour out all my Soul;
And with my Daughters ſweet communion hold.
"Or if the fuel'd chimney, fervent, blaze;"
Then, peradventure, there I ſtay and ſup:
For ev'n THE SENT OF GOD, tho' ſo refin'd,
Lack alimental food, like other Men.
Yet 'midſt their Viands, Heav'n they ne'er forget;
But with Beatitudes mix well the Feaſt,
Feeding at once the Body and the Soul.
Nor ſordid, nor ungen'rous are our views:
For when [c] Convivial Dainties we receive;
Favours Divine ſtill recompence the Boon.
Thus the good Patriarch of the Choſen Race
Demands a rich, a favourite Repaſt;
That from the reliſh of the Sav'ry Meat,
Occaſion he may take to bleſs his Son.

[c] —*Convivial Dainties*, &c.] We think we may uſe pleaſing food, without the danger which attends thoſe, who are not ſaved from Sin: nay, we may prefer it to unpleaſing, tho' equally profitable food. On the ſame principle we may eat a bunch of Grapes to raiſe and heighten our delight in God.
W——y's Chriſtian Perfection, p. 40.

Such

Such are the raviſhing delights of Saints---
Such the bright glories which adorn THE BAND,
And gild the works of Grace!
What ſay ye now?
Does laudable Ambition fire your Souls?
Would you above Humanity aſcend?—
Then to our heights of Sanctitude ariſe—
Identity ſhake off—ſcorn and deteſt
Your preſent Selves; and riſe an Heav'nly Race:
Then in the SAINT, will all the MAN be loſt.
Perhaps you wiſh it:—Vain is ev'ry Wiſh---
And not leſs vain is ev'ry weak attempt.
Such renovation, ſuch a total change,
Is not of lazy Indolence the Meed:
It is the Soul, with active Zeal replete,
Which reaches this Sublimity of Bliſs:
The empty Drone muſt empty ſtill remain;
For Grace, like Nature, will a Vacuum fly.
Does the Flame kindle?—Fan the kindling Flame—
Strive---ſtruggle---labour---put forth all your might---
Puſh, eager, forward—force victorious way—
And ſigh, and pant--and ſhriek--and tear your breaſts---

For thus Regeneration is obtain'd:
Obtain it then—Or you 're for ever loſt,
And to thoſe direful Regions muſt be doom'd,
Whoſe Woes, no Eloquence can e'er deſcribe.
Had I Ten Thouſand times Ten Thouſand Tongues;
Not Half its Miſeries I could diſplay.
Unfold your Portals, O ye Depths of Hell!
Exhibit to theſe faithleſs Sinners Eyes,
Your ſad variety of tort'ring Pangs,
Your craſhing Fetters, and your rattling Chains:—
Open to view your Anguiſh and Deſpair—
Shew all your ſcenes of Horror and Diſmay.
But who are thoſe, to keeneſt flames condemn'd?
What crimes ſo black, what turpitude ſo vile,
Could merit ſuch pre-eminence in Pain?
Ah! Theſe were carnal, reas'ning Sons of Earth;
Who ſhut their Eyes againſt the Light Reſtor'd;
And ſtop'd their Ears, reluctant to the Voice
Of renovating Wiſdom: which ſtill call'd—
Call'd in the Fields—in Tabernacles call'd---
And thunder'd out inceſſant Menaces---
But all in vain. They reaſon'd, and they laugh'd:

And now they weep---now ever muſt weep on.
Furies without, and Furies worſe within,
Torment their Bodies, and diſtract their Souls.
In thoſe hot Regions, they for ever thirſt:
But ah!---that Thirſt is never to be quench'd:
Yet drink they muſt---Sulphur and melted Lead.
Corroding Hunger ever calls for Food---
But calls in vain.---No Pity dwells in Hell:
Food is preſented to the longing Eye,
And, inſtant, ſnatched from the out-ſtretch'd Hand.
This---This is Hell! the everlaſting Lot
Of all, who come not to the Second Birth.
What!---will it never---never have an End?
No---For [d] when One Eternity is paſt;
Another---and another will ſucceed;
And an Eternal Hell is ſtill behind.
What, do you ſmile?---At fiery Vengeance ſmile?
Is it a ſubject for your ſport, to hear,
What Tortures wring the Unregen'rate Souls?
Wretches!---'Tis pity that you have a God

[d] ---*when One Eternity*, &c.] A manner of expreſſion which the Saints find of great uſe in their Menaces, and therefore diſregard the impropriety.

To deal ſo gently, and ſo long forbear!
Oh!---come ſome Furies of the burning Lake!
This Inſtant come---and hurry them to Hell!
It muſt be ſo:---unleſs you now reſolve,
To let thoſe ſad Examples wake your care.
You ſee the Rock, on which thoſe Sinners ſplit:---
Then ſhun that Rock, and ſteer another courſe.
Tho' ſtormy is the Paſſage---rough the Sea---
Proceed with Spirit---Quarrel not with Winds---
But bleſs the Storms---They'll drive you to that Port;
Where New-Birth Babes Eternal Sweets imbibe.
'Hark! Hark! What is that deep, that awful Sound?--
It is the Knell of your departed Hours.
Another portion of your time is gone:
It bids you catch the favourable gale
Of Opportunity: It bids you haſte;
Since on the Wing the minutes fly away,
And never---never can they be recall'd.
Soon will your days expire---perhaps this Night---

' *Hark!*—] See H——y's Meditations.

Perhaps

Perhaps this Hour---Then ponder well this Truth---
There is no GAOL-DELIVERY from Hell.
What! ſtill unmov'd? Still indolent and calm?
[f]But I will ſtimulate your ſluggiſh hearts:
Not all the Helliſh Obſtacles on Earth---
No---not all Hell ſhall fruſtrate my Deſigns!
And if you ſtill my remedies reject;
I'll force them down your contumacious Throats.
O ye celeſtial Guardians of New Birth!
Now---now my Miſſion by ſome Sign confirm---
Some Token give, that I by You am ſent,
To re-illumine a benighted World.
[g]Hah!---What's that Phantom?---Sure it is the Shade
Of the Great Saint, who mark'd the Path, which leads
To that Perfection; which alone can ſave.
Hail, Sacred Ghoſt! Thou Prince of Saints!---All hail!
Oh! ſay---what cauſe has drawn thee from thy Bliſs,

[f] *But I will ſtimulate*, &c.] Was I not to ſpeak, the very Stones would cry out againſt you. Speak therefore I muſt and will, and will not ſpare.
W——D's Journals.

[g] *Hah!---what's that Phantom?*] The Ghoſt of the Reverend Mr. Law, who firſt opened Mr. W——y's Eyes to ſee Truth.
W——y's Chriſtian Perfection.

To

To viſit Earth?---*The Shade points to the Dome--*
Then ſprings aloft; and to his Heav'n returns:
Celeſtial Odours from him ſtreaming flow;
And breathe their Sweets, the whole Horizon round.
Propitious Pow'rs! See! See the Omen here!
The Saint exclaims: For then [1] *fierce flakes of Fire*
High o'er the MANIAC MANSION *burſt their way.*
This ſaw the Crowd---They trembled, and believ'd---
They gaz'd--they ſtartled--quiver'd--groan'd and ſhriek'd;
Whilſt Horror chill'd each breaſt: When thus the Saint--
And, is it ſo? Are you then touch'd at laſt?
And will you now comply?---'Tis well my Friends!
I ſee repentant Tears ſteal down your cheeks---
A certain token of approaching Joy!
Thoſe deep, thoſe unaffected Groans and Cries
Are ſure preſages of awak'ning Grace.
O MANIA! O PHANTASIA! Pow'rs Divine!
Complete the work ſo happily begun.
Here he concluded; and with hands wide ſpread,
Solemn and ſlow his Benediction gave.

[1] *—fierce flakes of Fire*, &c.] There is a remarkable large Chimney in the Hoſpital, in which is burnt the foul Straw, which has been uſed there.

END of the THIRD PART.

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections upon the Power of Sounds. The Eloquence of the Saint is of greater Efficacy than that of the celebrated Britiſh Orator. The different Kinds of Auditors who attended the Sermon. The Horrors and Throes of the New Birth. The Saint exerts his Abilities, and is ſucceſsful. Twenty-four Thouſand are born again. Their ſubſequent Conduct deſcribed and applauded. They are compared to the Unregenerate. The Difference is infinite. The Adventures of La Mancha's Hero, ſimilar to thoſe of the Saint, but leſs beneficial, and illuſtrious. The Muſe addreſſes herſelf to the Saint, and recognizes his Powers. A ſhort Eaſtern Tale.

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE FOURTH.

YE wond'rous Motions of the trem'lous Air,
This way, and that way, ſwift, in circles mov'd,
How efficacious are your Pow'rs, O Sounds!
For not on Spirit only, do you act;
But ev'n to Matter does your force extend.
[1] When Organ-pipes ſome certain Notes emit;
Trembles the Pavement---ſcatter'd are the Stones.
A maſſy Rock has by a Tune been ſplit;
And vitreous Subſtance ſhiver'd by Man's Voice.

[1] *When Organ-pipes,* &c.] See Ch. Dict. under the article---Muſic.

Sound!---Sound the Trumpets!---[k] JOSHUA exclaims---
Lift up the Voice, ye People of the Lord!
The Trumpets ſound---The Army raiſe a Shout---
And thy ſtrong Walls, (unhappy Jericho!)
Ruſh down at once; and levell'd with the Ground,
To righteous Carnage open eaſy way.
But if the Leader of a cruel Race,
By execrating Sounds could Forts deſtroy;
And glut his Thirſt in Streams of Human Blood;
The Muſic of Benevolence could raiſe
Caſtles and Cities for the Common Weal:
Her Lyre a Storm could lay---could Fears diſpell---
The Cruel melt, and glad the Penſive Breaſt.
Rous'd by bold airs, the Conqu'ror of the World
Snatches, with rapid haſte, his pointed Spear,
And darts it at Imaginary Foes.
The Muſic changes to ſoft, ſoothing Strains;
When down he ſits, tame as a gentle Dove;
And all his Courage, all his Martial Rage,
Sink into mild Serenity and Peace.

[k] *---Joſhua exclaims*, &c.] See Joſhua, Chap. 6.

A burning

A burning Fever Muſic can aſſuage;
And is a Med'cine, more ſucceſsful far,
Than thy moſt nauſeous Cortex, O Peru!
When Tertian Agues ſhake the Human Frame.
Sounds to diſtraction drive the Soul of Man;
Or the Inſane to former Senſe reſtore---
Subdue the Savage Brute, or Savage Man---
Rule in the Senate---op'rate on the Bench---
Law can controul, and Juſtice over-rule;
When venal N--- opes his clam'rous Throat---
Bawls for his Client---wreſts the tortur'd Laws---
Emphatically loud, roars out for Fees,
For Fees enormous!---Oh! ſucceſsful Art!
Thrice happy Pow'r of Face, and Vocal Strength,
Where Noiſe ſupplies the want of Senſe and Truth!
Such ſtrange Effects, perhaps ſome doubts may raiſe
In Minds diſpos'd to Cavil and Diſpute:
And Incredulity will, doubtleſs, ſneer.
Let her ſneer on:---The Facts are aſcertain'd:---
The Ridicule will on Herſelf recoil.
As well atteſted, and more wond'rous far,
Stand forth th' Effects of thy Great Voice, O Saint!

That Stentoronic, fulminating Voice;
[1] Which drowns the Clamours of Five Thousand Dames---
Which, from Demoniacs, Satan can eject,
And to New Life raise up The Dead in Sin.
When by th' Old Serpent stung, a Sinner lies
Benumb'd, and destitute of Ghostly Sense,
And ev'ry Spark of Vital Sanctity;
The pious Saint, attentive to Distress,
Flies to the Chamber of the wounded Soul:
His Pulse he feels.---His Pulse, nor slow, nor quick,
But equable its Tenor, he perceives;
No Heat enormous rushing thro' his Veins;
Nor godly Rage emitted from his Eyes.
Sad Wretch!---so calm---so temperate his Blood!
Alas! A Lethargy!---He's dead! He's dead!
Unless the Heav'nly Med'cine I apply,
There's no Relief;---He is for ever lost---
Exclaims the healing Sage:---Then ghastly stares;

[1] *Which drowns the Clamours*, &c.] Never sure was such a Cackling on the Banks of Cayster, or the Common of Sedgemoor, as was made by the Multitudes of Women then present. But when I preached, they were all silent. W——y's Journals.

And

And mercifully rigid, thunders out
Words of horrific Sound, and myſtic Senſe.
Louder and louder ſtill he roars. Lo! now
His mouth applying to the Patient's ear,
With voice not leſs ſonorous than the Noiſe
Of thy aſtounding Cataract, O Nile!
Thrice he cries out—AWAKE!—The Dead arous'd,
Furious ſtarts up, and jumps upon the floor.
Enliven'd are his Eyes with vital Light:
Quick flows his Blood—His Soul is in a blaze;
Feels all the fierceneſs of The New-Birth Faith;
And ev'ry quick'ning Pow'r of Modern Grace.
So when, APULIA, in thy ſultry Plains,
Stung by the fierce TARANTULA, a Wretch
Bereav'd of feeling, ſenſe, and motion, lies;
And no relief from Med'cine can be found;
Skill'd in the rural ſtrain an Artiſt comes,
And from a windy inſtrument calls forth
Deep-droning ſounds with ſhrill commixed well,
In Tune adapted to the Patient's Soul.
The Muſic operates; and by degrees,
His feeling, ſenſe, and motion he regains:

When,

When, with a ſudden ſpring, upright he bolts;
And dances to the Notes in friſky glee,
With unremitted vigour: till at length
The ſtupifying poiſon is expell'd;
And all the faculties of life return.
Hear this, ye Sons of Eſculapius, hear!
Alexipharmic boaſted Med'cines fail;
When Bass and Treble work a cure complete.
You, who admir'd the fulminating voice
Of that fam'd Speaker, who The House controul'd;---
Say---did his periods like great W----y's roll?
If P---, like Pericles, to action rous'd
A people thoughtleſs, diſſolute, ſupine;
Far more alarming is the Saint's loud Roar:
More efficacious is his Mode of Speech.
If One, the Living could from Sleep awake;
The Other can arouſe, and wake The Dead.
But Perseverance!--There--There ſhines the Saint--
But Perseverance---is His honeſt Boaſt.
Firm to the Truth, He never once has ſwerv'd--
Perfect, Entire, Inflexible He ſtands!
But has the Statesman ſuch a conduct held?--

He had, 'tis true, the Pow'r of Vocal Sounds---
He rais'd his Voice; and call'd our Armies forth;
(Juſtice is due to all) and thus he gave
Scope to the Courage of Britannia's Sons;
Who fought victorious over all the Globe,
But when his Country call'd for healing Arts---
The Arts, he promis'd fully to exert---
Where was his Honour then? Where was his Faith?
Did he pluck up Corruption by the Roots;
And on its proper Baſis fix the State?---
No---like a Coward, baſely he withdrew,
Sunk into Peerage, and became our Scorn.
Where, in THE CRISIS, did this Boaſter lurk?
When Liberty lay drooping under B---?
Th' impaſſive, Patriot-Apparition then,
Like other Spectres, vaniſh'd into Air---
A recreant Champion of a State diſtreſs'd!
Ah! hapleſs Wight! P— *was not born again.*
Come now, my Goddeſs! give me to diſplay
The Triumph of that memorable Hour;
Which crown'd the Glories of the Preacher's Fame.

Amidſt the Crowd, which round the Roſtrum preſs,
Behold yon' Reprobates, alert and gay—
Vain Sons of Merriment and Carnal Wit;
Whom Love of Raillery has thither drawn,
To violate the Majeſty of Truth!
Proceed, facetious Souls! indulge the Jeſt;
And entertain the Dæmon with your Sport—
A pleaſant Paſtime for the Foe of Grace!
But know—Tho' Vengeance for a while may ſleep;
She'll ſoon awake, and come with fury arm'd—
Soon ſhall your Laughter into Weeping turn;
And endleſs Groans your tranſient Mirth ſucceed.
And ſome there ſtand, who love nor hate their God;
A claſs of Men indifferent to Truth.
Hither they come, tho' not to ſcoff and rail,
Yet not to be inſtructed in the Faith—
Curious to hear, regardleſs of the end.
Ah! hapleſs Auditors! far worſe your State
Than that of all the vileſt Sons of Earth!
He who ſtands Neuter, juſtly muſt be deem'd
The moſt malignant, moſt invet'rate Foe:

If God be Lord; then why not God obey?
If Baal be ſupreme—then bow to Him.
The reſt, and far the greateſt part, are thoſe,
Whoſe intellects are weak, whoſe lives are vile,
Contaminate with ev'ry ſtain of Vice.
On These the Preacher has the ſureſt hold;
For Theſe are Souls predeſtin'd to be ſav'd.
Cold tho' they came, he ſets them ſoon on fire;
Drowſy at firſt, as in the Sleep of Death,
Quick now they riſe—He thunders; and they wake.
Amaz'd they ſtare—confounded, they believe;
And panting after Heavenly Delights,
—Spring forward, eager, to be born again:
But Strength, alas! is wanting to break way.
For whilſt the Saint his pious aid puts forth;
A Pow'r inviſible, that aid obſtructs.
[m] This way the Dæmon, That way pulls the Saint;

[m] *This way the Dæmon*, &c.] The learned Prelate ſuppoſes, that Satan acted as Man-midwife in the New Birth. His Lordſhip, it is plain, was miſtaken,—The Dæmon oppoſed it with all his ſtrength. And how indeed could it be imagined, that He would act againſt his own intereſt.—Lucifer is not a Fool.

The One, Regeneration to prevent;
The Other, to facilitate the Birth.
How horrible the Labour! Oh! what Screams,
Shrieks of Affright, and Wailings of Deſpair!
How dolorous thoſe Throbs--thoſe Pangs--thoſe Throes!
[n] How do they curſe in bitterneſs of Soul,
Whilſt Satan tears them coming unto Chriſt!
Mercy of Heav'n! how dire is Helliſh Force!
But now the Criſis—Now the Man of God
His Pow'rs obſtetric, and his utmoſt Faith,
His Nerves, his Sinews, all his Strength exerts—
Pulls--hales--and fumes--and ſweats and prays--at length
'Tis done! 'Tis done!—tranſported he exclaims—
O Heav'ns! what numbers do I here behold,
By vocal Pow'rs, and this aſſiſting Hand,
Thus reſcu'd from the direful Jaws of Hell,
And ſhining in the Splendour of New Birth!
This is a Day indeed! a glorious Day!

[n] *How do they curſe*, &c.] Rachel broke forth into moſt grievous Blaſphemies and Curſes, &c. I make no doubt but it was Satan tearing her, as ſhe was coming unto Chriſt. W——r's Journals.

Record

Record it in the Annals of the Year,
Ye Regiſters of Grace! and let the Deed
Be ſtill remember'd in the Rounds of Time.
Well might the Saint, enraptur'd, thus exult:
For Twice * Twelve Thouſand in a ſingle Hour
(Hear, Satan, hear, and ſicken at the Tale!)
Are born again—have ſhaken off thy Yoke,
And now are Free, and Babes of Grace become.
Of gen'rous Lineage, ſome—of vulgar, moſt,
But now ennobled by the Pow'r of Faith.—
Many the Males—far more of th' other Sex:
The finer Structure of whoſe Organs opes
A quicker paſſage to Religious Dread,
To fervid Raptures, and ecſtatic Flights.
Aſtoniſhing the change! Wretches diſtain'd
With all the turpitude of flagrant Sins,
Riſe in an inſtant purg'd from ev'ry Vice,
Whiter than Snow, and harmleſs as are Doves.

* —*Twelve Thouſand in a ſingle Hour*, &c.] Tho' God uſually gives a conſiderable time before the Converſion, yet ſometimes, he cuts ſhort the work, and does it, perhaps, in a Week, in a Day, in an Hour. W——y's Perfection.

An Heav'nly Fire is kindled in their Breasts;
Which melts them down: New-model'd is their Frame:
A diff'rent Air and Gesture they assume;
And breathe another Soul. No longer now
The Sons of Earth, they think, they speak, they act,
As incorporeal, and mere Spirit all;
And Nature's fond, connecting Ties disdain.
[1] Domestic Sweets, Parental Charities,
Filial Endearments, Conjugal Delights,
The Passions of mere carnal Men, deriv'd
From feeble Instinct, they with scorn reject;
Whilst Nature urges all her Pleas in vain.
Such soft regards live not in rapture'd Breasts;
Such Earth-born Principles can never dwell
In Heav'nly Souls abstracted from the World.
As, when, by Chymic Art, the Fire consumes
Of mingled Min'rals the ignoble Parts

[1] *Domestic Sweets*, &c.] The trampling under foot all Human Affections---The giving God Thanks, when our Father and our Mother forsake us.—This—This is Religion. W——y's Answer to the B—p of G——r.
The Sympathies formed by Grace infinitely surpass those formed by Nature. W——y's Christian Perfection.

Dispell'd

Diſpell'd in air, or to baſe droſs reduc'd:
From mix'd affections, ſo the Myſtic Art
The pure, the precious parts, extracting, ſaves:
The groſs, terreſtrial Paſſions of the Soul,
Vaniſh in vapour, and are ſeen no more.

* But if a Brother of The Godly Band
Should his Addreſſes to a Siſter pay;
And Love for Love the Pious Fair return;
This intercourſe by Piety is deem'd,
Not from a carnal Appetite to riſe,
But from the Spirit of a burning Zeal:
For thus Devotion's Fire is kindled up;
And the warm Diction of the am'rous Flame,
With heighten'd Ardor is to God transfer'd.

O You, who revel in the wanton lap
Of ſenſual Joys—who ſhine in Honour's robes,
Or ſwim in floods of unexhauſted Wealth,

* *But if a Brother, &c.*] Men of the moſt amorous complexions prove the greateſt Votaries in Devotion. Tho' the beauty and comelineſs of God be not the ſame, that we ſee in Corporeal Beings, yet it is ſomething analogous to it; and that very Analogy is enough to excite the Paſſion. NORRIS.

But are entirely void of Genuine Faith—
How mean, how deſpicable, you appear,
When with Regeneration's Sons compar'd!
Here you have ſeen the progreſs of New Birth:—
Firſt pants Deſire—next wreſtles fervent Pray'r—
And then comes vig'rous Faith, and graſps the Prize.
Fed with the daintieſt fare, no longer now
Pine the dear Babes: no longer now they feel
Soul-gnawing Hunger—Famine of the Word.
The Food celeſtial from the Tree of Life,
Invigorates their hearts, exalts their Souls,
And lifts them up above Mortality.
Advanc'd to ſuch an elevated State,
Ev'n to the Confines of th' Eternal Dome,
With noble ſcorn they caſt a look below;
And of Earth's Follies take a joyous Leave.
"Vain World, adieu! Thou Phantom of a Day!"
A cheerleſs Deſert, and a gloomy Scene!
All, that once pleas'd, is now diſtaſteful grown.
We had Relations—We diſclaim them now—
To Chriſt and to the Saints we are akin—

No other Conſanguinity we own.
Farewell, ye carnal Paſtimes, all fond Sports!
In Pray'rs, in Hymns, in Ecſtaſies and Dreams,
And Sermons, (Oh! what Joy in them we feel!)
Conſiſt th' Amuſements of refined Souls.

'Now cautious Prudence, Offspring of baſe Fear,
Now ſober Piety—thou ſlumb'ring Grace,
Begone for ever!—We are born again.
Calm Moderation—gelid Child of Ice!
Yield, as is meet, to that fierce faintly Zeal,
Which drives with fury, and inflames the World.—
Yield, haughty Reaſon! thy pretenſions quit;
Nor longer claim a Sov'reignty o'er Man:
The Spirit of New Birth the Sceptre wields;
Nor will ſhe drop it, till the End of Time.

You, who of Rational Endowments boaſt,
May deem this conduct, Frenzy:—Be it ſo—
The Imputation not offends the Saints.

' *Now cautious Prudence*, &c.] It pleaſed God to bleſs the firſt Sermon moſt, being an open defiance of that Myſtery of Iniquity, which the World calls Prudence. W——y's Journals.

If

If to outſoar the ſphere of Common Senſe—
With Love Seraphic to be all on fire—
Like Enoch walk, like Moses talk with God,
And like Saint Stephen ſee him on his Throne—
To tune the Soul to Virtue's higheſt pitch—
To bid defiance to the ſenſe of Shame,
Nor ſuffer Judgment, godly ſlights to check—
To liquify the Soul, until the flow
Out of the Body, and unite with Chriſt—
If to anticipate Celeſtial Joys,
And whilſt on Earth, Angelical become,
High in Salvation in Immanuel's Realm—
If theſe be marks of Madneſs;—Mad we are:
Inſanity is then as ſure a teſt
Of perfect Wiſdom, as of that high Bliſs,
Which none, but thoſe who feel, can e'er conceive.
But what's the ſum of all Your fond Delights,
Ye Sons of Earth! Ye ſordid, grov'ling Souls!
What the Amount of all your vain Purſuits?—
Sink all your Joys, contracted in the graſp,
Faint whilſt enjoy'd, expire in the embrace;
And to reflection leave a ſad Diſguſt.

But conſtant is the Bliſs of New-Birth Souls;
Nor does Fruition ever pall Deſire.
Grace is a Fruit, which cannot ſatiate;
For various is the Flavour of its Taſte:
And ſweet Variety will never cloy.
Theſe Pleaſures know no pauſe—they will not fail—
They will outlive the Motions of the Pulſe—
They will ſurvive the Ruins of the Grave.
What is that Faith, in which You place your Truſt?—
A calm aſſent:—The Dæmon farther goes—
He owns a God—and trembling he believes.
Their Faith is full, illimited and firm;
The Myſtical Senſation of a Soul,
Who hath a ſecond time eſcap'd the womb.
'Tis ſomething, which no Virtue can procure;
No Money purchaſe, and no Wiſdom find:
It is the Gift of Heav'n, on Thoſe confer'd,
On whom the fierceſt Vengeance had been pour'd;
Had not The Sent of God reſtor'd The Light,

* *On whom the fierceſt Vengeance*, &c.] See Note [x], p. 64.

Mark'd out the Method to obtain this Boon;
And lent his gracious, his aſſiſting Hand.
But to explain what conſtitutes THIS Faith,
Its Principles unfold and analize,
Unable is the Tongue or Pen of Man,
If not of Angels: for our Saint himſelf
Finds Language weak; and Definitions fail.
But tho' its Eſſence is not underſtood;
Tho' the Arcanum is to none reveal'd:
Yet its Effects moſt happily are felt
By Thoſe on whom the Bleſſing is confer'd:
Not ALL are worthy of that great behoof.
O ſay, ye Fair, has LOWTHER e'er reveal'd
The Eſſence of thoſe wond'rous Cordial Drops;
Which the Sage Doctor from THE GOLDEN LAMP
Diſpenſes for his Own and Public Good?—
What the Ingredients are—a Secret reſts.
And yet your Fits, your Hectics, and weak Nerves,
By Eighteen Years Experience he can prove,
(Thanks to the Pow'rs!) have been completely cur'd.
If you are heal'd; no queſtions then you aſk:

For

For Health reſtor'd, a Guinea's well beſtow'd.
But if your Maladies ſhould ſtill remain;
Some latent fault (Pardon the Muſe, Ye Fair!
Truth ſhe muſt ſpeak) obſtructed the Effect;
Heav'n then forbad the Med'cine to take place;
And caus'd Infallibility to fail.
Tell me, Ye Unregen'rate, Graceleſs Souls!
What's Your profeſſion?—Chriſtians do you call
And deem yourſelves—becauſe of Morals pure,
God you adore—your Fellow-Creatures love—
Are humble, pious, temperate and chaſte?
What!—do theſe virtues conſtitute true Grace?
Then Socrates a Chriſtian might be deem'd—
A Saint—an Angel—and the Friend of God.
But the unerring Teachers of the Band
Hold all His Virtues in a low eſteem—
Vain, inſignificant, and ſinful All!
What then is true Religion—and where found?—
If to fall'n Nature you would have recourſe;
Go to Canadians wild, and Chicasaws—
They eat—they drink—they hunt—they laugh—they ſmoke—

And dance and roar to Lunar Deity:
This is the Worſhip by laps'd Nature taught.
Turn now from hence:—Search Chriſtendom around:
Religion there eſtabliſh'd you may find:
But what Religion?—Chriſtian it is call'd—
The Name remains—The Doctrines, Pagan ſtill:—
The Spirit of the Laws Municipal,
Into the Worſhip of the ſev'ral States
Profanely is transfus'd; and Goſpel Truths
In Heathen Falſhoods are o'erwhelm'd and loſt.
Is then Religion no where to be found?—
Yes—at the Time predeſtin'd, W——y roſe,
Wrestled with God, and brought her back again.
Go to the Tabernacle—There a Queen
In native Purity ſhe ſits enthron'd,
Surrounded by her Viſionary Train.
Beauty of Holiness her Temple's call'd:
And This, th' exalted Character, ſhe claims—

[1] *This is the Worſhip*, &c.] What is the Religion of Nature? The wild Indians ſhew it: they revel in ſenſual delight, they drink brandy, and ſmoke tobacco. This is Natural Religion. Law's Addreſs to the Clergy.

Myſterious Union to Man's Soul with God,
I, Pure Religion, Daughter of New Birth,
"Centre to Centre by conjoining, give.
This Myſtery, Regen'rate Minds alone
Can comprehend. Profaneneſs diſbelieves,
And calls it fabulous Abſurdity.
But in the Pandects of Regen'rate Saints,
The awful Truth ſtands fully ratify'd.
See Happineſs conſpicuous here diſplay'd!
We God poſſeſs—and God poſſeſſes us!
His Centre is with Ours united cloſe,
And yet diſtinct—Another, and the ſame.
Oh! Sublimate of Myſtic Piety!
And This from thee, O Saint, thy Babes derive.
Theſe are thy Works, Prime Miniſter of Grace,
In this Terraqueous Globe! Thy Virtues, Theſe!—
Not Virtues, from a Moral Source which flow;
But from thoſe Raptures, and Ecſtatic Flights,
Which Pious MANIA and PHANTASIA raiſe.

" *Centre to Centre*, &c.] Εν εστιν ωσπερ κεντρω κεντρον συναφας: *i. e.* The Soul is one with God, by joining Centre to Centre.
PLOTINUS. Ennead. 6. Lib. 4.

Great

Great were the Virtues of La Mancha's Knight—
Amazing his benevolent Exploits!
But far more wond'rous ſhine th' Heroic Deeds
Of your redoubted Saint, O Bethlem's Plains!
If One, th' Heſperian Deſerts, Rocks and Fens,
Travers'd to ſuccour Merit in diſtreſs;
The Other thro' the World has wing'd his way,
To reſcue Miſcr'ants from th' Infernal Fiend.
If the terrific Armour of the Knight,
His awful Viſage, and aſtounding Voice,
Made Lions tremble, and the Fight decline;—
Lo! in the Van of monſtrous, ſcaly, Troops,
Stood rav'nous Strength—Stood Shapes immenſe ſubdu'd,
Leviathan, and mighty Behemoth,
When at the bottom of their Gulph appear'd
The New-Birth Saint, and thunder'd with his Voice,
Preaching Repentance in the Briny Deep.
If the bold Knight huge Windmills durſt engage;
The bolder Saint a fiercer Foe attacks,
The Fury of enthron'd and mitred Pow'r:
Who ſpread his Sails, inflated with a Storm;

And whirl'd around his menaces and rage
Againſt thoſe Virtues which eclips'd his own.
But when the Tabernacle-Strength ſtood forth;
*His Sails he furl'd, and ſtood ſubdu'd and calm.

Yield, O Heſperia!—To Britannia yield!
Thy Quixotte's Glories, ſplendid as they are,
With her tranſcendent Hero's cannot vie.
With what an heighten'd Splendor, then, O Saint,
Would thy Atchievements ſtrike the dazzled World,
Hadſt thou CERVANTES to emblaze thy fame!

Hail, glorious Saint! Superior Virtue, hail!
The Muſe tranſported, views, admires, adores,
That ſacred Fury, which inflames thy breaſt,
And from Damnation has thy Millions ſav'd!
Fain would ſhe mount, high as thy Merits riſe;
Or high as they are imag'd to her Thoughts:
But feeble is her Strength—unfledg'd her wing—
She cannot reach ſuch heights.—Oh! then accept
A warm, an honeſt, tho' an artleſs Song.

* *His Sails he furl'd*, &c.] The Prelate did not reply to Mr. W——y's Obſervations on The Office of the Spirit.

Hail,

Hail, Great Diſpenſer of true Light reſtor'd!
Victor o'er Nature, Reaſon, Human Senſe—
O'er Wit facetious, Prudence, carnal Sports,
And all thoſe Joys, which pleaſe the Earth-bound Soul!
Thy only Paſtime is—the Feaſt of Love—
The freaks of pious Fancy and the Dreams
Sleeping or waking, which from Faith ariſe;
When to th' enraptur'd Mind ſhe gives a Taſte,
A real Taſte of the Celeſtial Bliſs.

How charming is the Converſe with thy Babes!
What a Delight—th' inſtructive Chief to hear,
Fondly repeat the Stories of his Love—
Fondly relate his ev'ry wond'rous Work—
His Labours in the Vineyard of the Lord—
Perils by Water—Perils too by Land—
The Helliſh outrage of malignant Mobs—
His frequent, his miraculous Eſcapes
From Pebbles, Dirt, and [y] perſecuting Drums!

[y] —*perſecuting Drums*, &c.] At Saint Ives' we were ſaluted with Huzzas, Pebbles, and pieces of Dirt, and beating of Drums. This Perſecution was owing to Mr. Hoblin and Mr. Sympſon. W——y's Journals.

Then

Then with what Judgment, what Authority,
Next he appoints to each his proper part,
And place of Action in his Scenes of Grace—
When they're ſent out, to execute his Will.
For over all he ſits a Judge Supreme;
And in the Chair, Pontifical, preſides.
Thrice happy Saint! Thrice happy too thy Babes,
Aided by Thee, who thus to Grace aſcend,
And are with Wiſdom's Heav'nly Feaſt regal'd!
Hail mighty Leader of a Godly Band!
The bliſs, the Joys of happy Millions, Thine!
Thrice Sacred Spirit! Never may'ſt thou ceaſe,
Dauntleſs with all the fire of Zeal t'engage
The headlong tide of theſe corrupted times—
Dauntleſs—tho' Foote ſtill mimic, ſneer, and grin—
The Prelate reaſon—and the Mob fling Dirt.
In ſpite of them, and their Confed'rate Fiends,
Still ſhall the World with wonder on thee gaze:
And long as MANIA and PHANTASIA live;—
With all her Trumpets, and with all her Mouths,
Exulting Fame thy Honours ſhall reſound.
Yes—the Celeſtial Choir thy praiſe ſhall ſing;

Whilſt with aſtoniſhment thy Deeds they view;
And ſtamp thy Time, a Real Golden Age!
Spirits malign, confounded, on thee gaze;
And grind their Teeth, indignant, whilſt they view
Th' amazing Plan of Grace; whoſe Virtues flow
Thro' Thee, as thro' a Tube of Wood or Lead,
To thy ſweet Babes; who, gaping for their food,
Imbibe Nutritious Vapours from thy Lips;
And thence to ev'ry Virtue riſe complete:
Parental luſtre in the Offspring ſhines—
Total Exemption from all ſtain of Vice.
Forgive the Muſe, O Saint: nor deem her light;
If here ſhe touch upon an Eaſtern Tale:
Fable the Pious Muſe may introduce,
The better to diſplay a Sacred Truth.—
When to Perfection Thou a claim doſt lay;
None will diſpute it, but a Child of Hell—
So full—ſo clear the Evidence ſtands forth!
But deſtitute of ſuch convincing Proof,
The Grand Impostor ſolemnly affirms,
That whilſt a little, wicked, playful Boy,
A Willow Twig, his Hobby, he beſtrode;

The Seraph Gabriel caught him by the Hair;
And with him flew to an high Mountain's Top—
His Breaſt diſſected, and pluck'd out his Heart—
Squeez'd it with all his Strength; and thence wrung out
That black, that curſed, innate Drop of Blood,
PECCATI FOMES by the Learned term'd,
The fatal Fuel of each damning Sin.—
This done, the Seraph breath'd into the Heart
Freſh particles of ſweet, celeſtial, Air—
Reſtor'd it to its place, and heal'd the wounds.
HENCE I PERFECTION GAIN'D---Mahommed cries---
AND ABSOLUTELY PURE, CAN SIN NO MORE.

END of the FOURTH PART.

BRITISH
25 FE 76
MUSEUM

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

An Ethereal Spirit appears to the Saint, and perſuades him to provoke the Old Serpent to ſingle Combat. The Saint complies. The Spirit flies to Hell with the Challenge, and finds the Monarch ſitting with his Peers in Council, lamenting the Succeſs of the Terrene Saints, and debating Meaſures to obſtruct their Progreſs. The Challenge is accepted. Satan leaves his Dominions, and repairs to Moor-fields *in* Britannia. *A Deſcription of his formidable Entrance, and Perſon. His Speech to his Rival. The Anſwer. The dreadful Combat. Satan finding, that his Strength did not avail him, has recourſe to Stratagem, and kills the Saint by an Exploſion of Gunpowder. A Celeſtial Spirit deſcends in the Shape of a Regenerate Counteſs; and applies a miraculous Cordial, which inſtantly reſtores him to Life and Vigour. The Combat is renewed; and the Martial Saint obtains a Glorious and Deciſive Victory.*

METHODISM TRIUMPHANT,

OR, THE

DECISIVE BATTLE, &c.

PART THE FIFTH.

HIGH in her Noon, the Queen of Night, full orb'd,
Shedding her Silver Rays, majeſtic mov'd:
Whilſt the Great Saint on Bethlem' Gates reclin'd,
Bemoaning his [y] ſweet Babes in durance held:
For, ev'ry hour attentive to THE WORK,
The Midnight-Labour he preſers to Sleep.
Thus as he ſtood---darts forth a radiant Form,

[y] —*ſweet Babes in durance held:*] I adviſed one who had ſeen affliction, to go and viſit Mrs. G— in Bedlam, put there by her Huſband as a Mad-woman. She was blooded and bliſtered very largely—yet was no otherwiſe mad, than as all are, who are thoroughly convinced of Sin. W——y's Journals.

Thin

Thin and impaſſive as the fluid Air,
Dreſs'd in a flowing Robe of various Hues.
Her Head the Semblance of a Crown adorns:
And from her Shoulders Pinions are diſpread;
Which over Sea and Land, or Worlds above,
Or Depths below, precipitate her flight.
Erect and firm in her full poize ſhe ſtands
Upon one Foot---The other is advanc'd
And rais'd on Tiptoe, as in act to fly.
Her Left Hand, lifted up, points to the Stars:
A flaming Banner in her Right ſhe holds;
Round whoſe Device this Golden Motto ſtands,
Shining in bold conſpicuous Relief—

IMPOSSIBILITIES I OVERCOME.

Sprightly her Looks, mix'd with a caſt ſuperb,
The ſure expreſſion of her inward Soul.
With all Ideal Excellence inform'd,
And conſcious of Abilities ſupreme.
With Expectations ſwells her pregnant Breaſt;
And from her vivid Eyes aſſurance darts
Of high exploits beyond all human reach:

Such is her aſpect, when herſelf ſhe breathes
Into thoſe bold Adventurers for Fame;
Who ſoar ſublime, and Caſtles build in Air.
The Saint tranſported, recogniz'd The Pow'r,
DIVINE PHANTASIA, and Obeiſance made---
When thus the Goddeſs to her Favourite Son---
Light of the World! O W-----y! Prime of Men!
My Pride---my Glory---and my high Delight!
Lo! from th' Ethereal Regions am I come,
To crown with full ſucceſs thy Godlike Plan:---
Then hear, attentive, what my thoughts ſuggeſt.
Certain it is, thy conqueſts over Hell,
Great as they are, and wond'rous to relate,
Have ſcarce extended over half the Globe:
The Tyrant ſtill hath numberleſs ſtrong Holds;
And wages with thee more than equal War.---
Such is thy caſe.---And wilt thou now give way?---
Thou wilt not; if I know thee right, my Son,---
Wilt not deſpair:---That Thought thy Soul diſdains.
I ſee thy Spirit riſing to the height
Of that grand Project, which I meditate,

To end the tedious Warfare, and obtain
Conqueſt complete, and everlaſting Fame.
On Satan's Imps no longer ſpend thy rage;
But SINGLE COMBAT from their Chief demand:---
Theſe be the Terms:---Let His Defeat, or Thine,
The future Reign of Grace or Sin decide.
Nor fear that theſe conditions He'll reject;
Or, if defeated, not his Claim reſign.
Satan himſelf Punctilios, ſtrict, obſerves;
And, tho' the Author of all Sin, he boaſts
One Virtue HELL-BORN; for a Sword he wears;
And boldly draws it againſt Foe or Friend;
When HONOUR urges on her terms to fight---
HONOUR---a virtue which the Fiend adores:
For by her aid his Plan of Ruin thrives;
And gives more Subjects to th' Infernal Realms,
Than half the num'rous Vices of Mankind.
Fir'd by her Speech, the Martial Saint reſolves
To brave the danger, and attack the Fiend.
Wilt Thou, my Queen, the Summons bear to Hell,
And tell him---I, a mortal Man, defy

Th' immortal Monarch of the Dread Domain---
Th' Infernal Dragon I defy!---He cries;—
Then ſtalks intrepid; whilſt his flaming Eyes
Dart warlike Spirit—deadly Vengeance dart.
So (faint reſemblance!) the brave Chanticleer,
Heroic Bird! King of Villatic Fowls,
His Breaſt with military Courage ſwell'd,
Erect amidſt his feathery People ſtruts,
Mocketh at Fear, expectant of a Foe,
And crows Defiance all the Yard around.
PHANTASIA's Smile the Bravery applauds:
And now ſhe's fled, impatient of delay;
And down to Hell the winged Herald ſhoots
With ſuch velocity, that Fame reports,
Her Flight was finiſh'd, when it was begun.
In Royal Pomp the Monarch on his Throne,
Surrounded by his Peers, in Council ſits,
Debating by what meaſures to regain
Thoſe fair Dominions in the Terrene Globe,
Which the great Leaders of the Sacred Band
By force poſſeſs, and total Conqueſt plan.

The Goddeſs with a reverential air,
Such as to Majeſty ſhe deem'd was due,
The Saint's Defiance to the King preſents:
Who, with an haughty, and a ſtern delight,
Accepts the Challenge, and the Terms approves,—
And, in an inſtant, with monarchal pride,
The Signal gives, which bids her Train prepare.
Now Hell her Nine-fold Adamantine Gates
Opes wide for his Egreſſion. On him wait
"Thrones, Dominations, Kingdoms, Sceptres, Pow'rs:"
When forth they fly—their Monarch in the Van;
And ſhooting thro' th' illimitable Void,
Thro' formleſs Chaos' uneſſential glooms,
Precipitate their eager Flight tow'rds Earth;
And on the Artic Pole alight.—Dire Clime!
Where many cheerleſs Months abhorred Night
Spreads a thick Darkneſs all around: but now
The ardent Blaze of the Infernal Arms
Flaſhes ſome Rays of hideous Light; which yields
Tremendous Proſpects of the dreary Realms,
And Horror adds to thoſe horrific Scenes.

The

The boiſt'rous Sov'reign of the rough Domain
In Regal Clouds, and Miſts ſuperb involv'd,
Hails the Arrival of the potent King—
Due Honours pays—ſalutes him with a Storm—
And brews freſh Tempeſts to accelerate
The Voyage of Hell's Majeſty: who ſoon
On Britain's Coaſt arrives:—too ſoon, I ween,
For his repoſe. But This he not foreſees;
And little kens he, what a foul Defeat
Awaits him, in the Conflict with the Saint.
To proud AUGUSTA now he hies away;
And marches thro' her Streets in all the Pomp,
All the tremendous Dignity of Hell.
Scarce half ſo dreadful is th' alarming Sight,
When thy train'd Hoſts, O London, we behold,
Stalk thro' thy Streets—SIR ROBERT in the Van.
Clangor of Trumpets—Thunder of the Drums,
And radiant Armour beaming all around,
Heighten the Terrors of the awful View;
Whilſt thus they march in terrible Array,
To prove their Proweſs in thoſe Fields of MARS,
Th' ARTILLERY yclep'd—Terrific Scene!

There manifeſt their Bravery in Arms;
And ſhew, they dare attack the fierceſt Foes;
For 'gainſt the Skies their Fury they diſcharge:
No Danger chills the ardour of their Souls;
Nor dire Exploſions ſhock their mighty Frame!
Thus his dread Grandeur the proud Prince diſplay'd
Thro' his Augusta's Streets, to him well known;
Tho' viſible he had not there appear'd;
Since Cromwell bargain'd with him face to face;
And for the Britiſh Sceptre ſold his Soul:
So Echard ſays---and Echard ſeldom lies.
The Fiend proceeds, attended by his Train;
And, raging, to the liſted Field repairs.
Behold the dreadful Majeſty of Hell
Superb advances with horrific Mien!
Like Orbs of Fire, he rolls his baleful Eyes;
And all the Plain gleams direful with his Arms.
His burning Breath infects the Air around;
Whilſt Stench ſulphureous follows where he moves.
How from his Mouth, as from a Furnace wide,
He ſpouts out Cataracts of Smoke and Flames—
Tremendous Length of Flames, ſucceeding Flames!

On his fell Creſt ſits Horror! Ten huge Horns,
With a tremendous grace his Head adorn;
From whence a thouſand Vipers, his curl'd Locks,
His Shoulders decorate; or round his Neck,
Winding their Heads, they rear; and hiſs aloft:
And ſuch their rage, that SATAN almoſt fears
Leſt they ſhould wound, not vindicate their Lord.
Not glorious now, nor pure his Viſage ſhines:
As when in Heav'n he ſtood, a Seraph bright,
But foul and duſky, ting'd with fiery Red:
So looks the mighty Orb of Day, when ſeen
Thro' hazy Fogs, or in a ſurly Storm.
How grim he ſtalks along with monſtrous Strides!
Beneath his Feet how groans th' oppreſſed Earth!
And Nature reels, impatient of his Weight.
To guard his Poſtic Parts, and Terror ſtrike
On ſkulking Foes; or ſure Deſtruction whirl—
Behind him is diſpread (Dire Spectacle!)
Of Size immane A FORMIDABLE TAIL!
With hideous Figures interſpers'd—Hydra's—
Gorgons—Chimæra's—Harpies—all replete
With miſſive Fire; which with a ſpringing Force,

At Will burſts forth with wide deſtructive Blaze:
And ſo amazing is th' enormous Strength
Of this Infernal Inſtrument of Rage;
That from the Sky, with eaſe, it ſwept away
Twelve Thouſand Stars--and down they fell to Earth.
Thus Fame relates; and Piety believes;
Nor vain, nor fabulous the Matron deems,
Who (tender Parent!) round her Winter's fire,
Her Infant-Audience prudently alarms
With ſuch deſcriptions of Satanic Shapes.
Ah! thro' their little Souls what Horrors thrill!
How, at each pauſe, they quiver, ſigh, and ſtare!
Still more they wiſh, and more they dread, to hear;
And cling together round th' inſtructive Dame,
Reſolving never more to lie or ſteal.
So into Grace are wicked Children ſcar'd:
And Terrors work; when Catechiſms fail.
Thus in dire Pomp advanc'd the King of Hell!
A Train of flaming Cherubims attend,
Heightning the Horror of the ſhocking Scene—

* *Twelve Thouſand Stars*, &c.] Vide Apocalypſe, Chap. XII. Ver. 18.

So

So ſhocking, that the very Saints themſelves,
The Heaven-aſſiſted Saints, could ſcarce behold,
Without ſome mixture of alarming fear,
The Port, the Srength, and Fury of the Fiend.
High on his Roſtrum, in his ſacred Robes,
The Rev'rend Hero ſtands, erect and bold,
Singing a warlike, precatory Hymn,
In a full Concert with his tuneful Babes.
Satan beheld him with inſulting leer—
Shook his vaſt Spear—then rais'd his mighty voice;
And grimly ſmiling with diſdainful Pride,
He thus began—
Where is this boaſtful Prieſt,
Who durſt defy the Monarch of all Hell?
Poor, feeble, puny Wretch! doſt Thou preſume,
Thou! a frail Human Being, to contend
With that Armipotent Seraphic Might;
Who ſhook His Throne, who is ALMIGHTY call'd,
And render'd dubious his deſpotic Sway?
But were thy Conteſt with Inferior Foes;
The Field of Battle is no place for Thee,
Thou Wordy Warrior!—Hence with Speed begone;

Ere this avenging Spear complete thy Doom.
To yonder Tabernacle go; and hide
Thy recreant Head; and refuge take in Pray'r,
The laſt reſort of impotent diſtreſs.
Art thou a Stranger to Dæmoniac Pow'r?
*Haſt thou forgot the Meadow where I met
Thee and thy Brother hymning to your God?—
That very Meadow, where, indeed, my Plan,
The Plan of Slavery, my Fav'rite Plan,
Was overthrown, and Liberty reſtor'd
To this my rightful Realm—tormenting Thought!
But ſome amends for this Defeat I gain'd:—
THERE—THERE I triumph'd o'er the Hero-Saints!
How did I change your ſolemn Melody
To gameſome Agitations, ſuiting ill
The Gravity of Devotees profeſs'd!
Your Brows ſevere, and Muſcles I relax'd,
When for reſtraining Grace in vain you pray'd.
You could not then, O Impotent, forbear;

* *Haſt thou forgot the Meadow*, &c.] Runnymede, near Staines; where King John met his Barons, and confirmed MAGNA CHARTA.

But

[b] But into Laughter loud were BUFFETED,
By ME were buffeted, O Frailty's Sons!
By whom inſpir'd, didſt thou to Georgia go?—
I ſent thee thither, O thou vagrant Prieſt—
There tempted thee to violate her Laws;
And plan with pious Fraud a fond Intrigue,
A Gallantry, which well befits my Schemes.
[c] And when ſtern Juſtice, with a vengeful Eye,
Beheld the Deed, and call'd the Actor forth;
It was not Pray'r that ſav'd thee: Hell contriv'd
The Wind and Tide to favour thy retreat.
Yes---from the Fangs of perſecuting Law
Gladly I ſnatch'd thee:—For I deem a Saint,
Of Modern Caſt, is Satan's beſt Ally.

[b] *But into Laughter*, &c.] Some were BUFFETED of Satan into Laughter. My Brother and I were walking in the Meadow, ſinging Pſalms: When preſently, he burſt out into a loud Laughter. I was angry at him: but ſoon I laughed as loud as He. We were ready to tear ourſelves in pieces afterwards. W——y's Journals.

[c] *And when ſtern Juſtice*, &c.] Mr. W——y refuſed the Sacrament to Mrs. Wilſon in Georgia. Upon this occaſion the Lady made an Affidavit of the affair, and ſome particulars previous to it, inſinuating much more than was aſſerted. The Grand Jury preſented him; and he was declared an Enemy to the Public Peace. This Proſecution greatly alarmed him: and after conſulting ſome of his Friends, whether it was time to depart; as ſoon (ſays he) as Evening Prayer was over, the wind and tide ſerving, I ſhook off the duſt of my feet, and embarking, happily eſcaped. Ibid.

[a] Was it for This, O W——y, thou waſt ſent?
[b] That Flow of Words, which is thy daily boaſt;
Was my free Gift: and all thoſe floods of Grace,
Not from the Skies, but from the Stygian Gulph,
Were pour'd into thy breaſt.—I bade them take
Deluſive Forms of Goſpel-Piety,
Thy Dreams, thy Viſions, thy Fanatic Zeal,
Boaſted Perfection, Sanctimonious Pride,
And thy fond Thirſt for Glory, from me roſe:
As ev'ry Form of Prieſtcraft is my own.
Who taught thee, [c] Human Prudence to deſpiſe—
Reaſon to hate, and [d] harmleſs Men to ſhun—
That juſt Opinions conſtitute no part
Of Saving Faith?—Say—whoſe inventive Art,
To Man's Five Senſes added Fifty more,

[a] *Was it for This*, &c.] For This alſo I perceived that God had ſent me. W——y. paſſim.

[b] *That Flow of Words*, &c.] I explained the Nature of inward Religion, Words flowing upon me faſter than I could ſpeak. W——y's Journals.

[c] —*Human Prudence*, &c.] Human Prudence is the Myſtery of Iniquity, and the Offſpring of Hell. W——y. paſſim.

[d] —*harmleſs Men*, &c.] I avoid that bane of all Religion, the company of Good Sort of Men, people who have a liking to, but no ſenſe at all of Religion. Ibid.

To

To work on Fancy, and diſtract the Brain?—
This, my peculiar Boaſt! The happy Source
Of that wild Frenzy, which has fill'd yon' Dome!
Who can deny, that Doctrines, ſuch as Theſe,
Muſt ſpring from Him, who form'd the noble Plan,
The Progeny of Adam to ſeduce,
And ruin, total? In this high Empriſe,
Thee I ſelected for my Subſtitute,
Vicegerent in this Globe, to take my Seat;
And act, for me, thy delegated Part.
But thou art falſe, a Traitor to thy King!
Thy meaſure of Iniquity's complete:
Hell's Vengeance is awak'd: and here I come,
To pour it all on thy rebellious Head.
Need I to tell thee—Thou art Mine by Right?
Thy Soul by honeſt Purchaſe is my Due;
And now I claim it—Now I have it ſure.
Thus do I juſtly vindicate my Claims:
Which Thou, Ingrate! Thou baſe, vain-glorious Prieſt!
Haſt to Thyſelf aſſum'd; and Me, thy Guide—
Thy Patron—thy Inſpirer—and thy God,
Robb'd of my Fame—a Deed ſo mean, ſo vile,

Hath never yet diſtain'd the Realms of Hell!
Satan, by Thee proclaim'd a Foe to Truth,
Retorts the Accuſation on thy Head.
Tho' of his Ancient Luſtre He's abridg'd
By Him, who claims all Glory to Himſelf;—
One lucid Virtue ſtill I do preſerve—
(Witneſs O Hell! O Earth! and Heaven too!)
And will preſerve it to Eternity!
Then learn of me, ye Saints! to ſcorn a Lye.
Was not I?—Why ſhould I more recount?—
Thou know'ſt my Worth—and Thine I know full well.
Unmov'd with all this Perſonal Abuſe,
But deeply ſtung to hear The Work profan'd,
The Man of God with Dignity replies—
Tyrant of Hell! Vain are thy lofty Vaunts—
And vain thy petulant, fond Raillery;
Such as thy Sons on Earth from Thee have learn'd.
Thou Serpent! Foe accurs'd to God and Man!
With Helliſh Weapons Thou I ſee art arm'd:
Far other wields the Saint—Ethereal, Mine.
Behold this Sacred Book! This is my Sword!
No two-edg'd Inſtrument was e'er ſo keen:

'Tis

'Tis quick---'Tis piercing, and its Strokes are ſure;
As, ſoon, Apoſtate Seraph! Thou ſhalt feel:
For o'er thy Head more dreadful Ruin hangs,
Than [1] when th' Archangel clove thee to the Waiſt;
And writh'd thee to and fro convolv'd with Pain.
See here—*His Journals then he held to view*—
This is my truſty—This my Nine-fold Shield,
To Steel impervious, or to hardeſt Braſs;
As to the Senſe of Unregen'rate Souls,
Inſcrutable it ever will be found.
My Zeal's a Firebrand—Confidence, my Helm—
Unbluſhing, Saintly Virtue ne'er o'ercome!
If in my conflicts, Ord'nance is requir'd;
Know that this Pſalter 's my Cartouch, replete
With Balls of Execrations, which We Saints,
With an unerring violence, diſcharge
Againſt th' Impugners of our Holy Band.—
Who thus is furniſh'd with Celeſtial Arms,
Dreads not the keeneſt Weapons forg'd in Hell.
Come on then, Satan! for I mean to ſhew,

[1] —*when th' Archangel*, &c. Michael.] See Milton, L. 6.

This Day determines all thy Sway on Earth.
Pleas'd, the Babes hear their Leader's bold Reſolve;
And with united Thunders cry—Amen!
Thus ended Parle.—The Trumpets ſound the Charge:
When ſtraight the Dæmon, with fell rage impell'd,
Shook in his vengeful Hand his deadly Spear,
An Adamantine Spear, by Vulcan forg'd,
And hurl'd it at the Foe with all his Might.
The Saint aware, held forth the awful Book:—
The flying Weapon ſtrong reſiſtance felt;
And ſtruck with reverential dread, ſtop'd ſhort,
Obeiſance made, and to the Ground ſunk down.
Nearer advancing, Satan draws his Sword;
And aims a Blow:—The Journals ward it off.—
Such a rebating force had weighty Truths,
And Bulk enormous on the Shield impreſt!
The Serpent this perceives; and therefore tries
By Wile to gain, what Strength could not effect.
Then his own Form diſſolving into Air,
He darts into the Body of a Young,
Baſe Urchin, once an hopeful, gracious Babe,
Now Reprobate: and in that fraudful guiſe,

Creeping

Creeping behind the unſuſpecting Saint,
Under his Robes he dext'rouſly convey'd
An implement of Miſchief term'd on Earth
GRANADO—But PYROBOLOS in Hell.
Then with a match, tipt at one end with fire,
He touch'd the vent of the aduſted Grains;
When quick as Light'ning from the troubled Sky,
Dilated, and infuriate they burſt forth,
And blew th'Apoſtle up aloft in air:
From whence with hideous ruin down he falls,
And a dead Corſe lies there the Mortal Saint,
A mournful Spectacle to Godly Eyes;
But to the Reprobates a Joyous Sight,
And Subject of high Raillery and Scorn.
Lie there, thou doughty Prieſt! the Hell-Hounds cry—
Lie there—and with thee all thy idle hopes,
The promiſes of vain and vaunting pride.
Where is that courage, which defy'd THE KING?
Where, that ſonorous Voice, which forc'd its way
Into the very Entrails and the Souls
Of lift'ning Crouds—that wonder-working Voice;
Which could impell the Barren to bring forth,

And wake from Sleep of Sin, and Sleep of Death?
That Tongue, ſo flippant, late, in ſland'rous Lies,
And vile reproaches 'gainſt the gracious Prince.
And Potentates of Hell, no longer now
Can vilify, or ever word ſpeak more.
W——r is fall'n!—is dead!—Dark are his Eyes,
Who re-illumin'd a benighted World.
Poor, loving Babes! your Parent do you ſeek?—
See there!—A woful Object There he lies,
Depriv'd of Senſe, of Sanctity and Breath—
His Body ſcorch'd, and fractur'd ev'ry Bone!
Oh! take a ſolemn, 'tis a laſt, Farewell;
And bow with rev'rence to the Great Remains.
Farewell! O once the Darling of the Skies!—
But now at laſt forſaken—Ah! farewell!
Thus did the curſed Crew, with Laughter loud,
And bitter Irony, the Dead inſult:
Nor ſtop'd they here; but adding Rage to Scorn,
Upon the venerable, ſacred Corpſe,
Caſt fetid garbage, ſtones, and filth obſcene:
Whilſt Drums, Horns, Cleavers, Bagpipes, and Huzza's,
(Infernal Twang!) the Victory proclaim.

On th'other ſide, a mournful Scene behold!
With what wild ſorrow rave The Pious Band!—
Now groan—now weep—now Curſes mix with Pray'rs,
And rend with direful Howls the tortur'd air!
D—TH was there, and viewing the dead Corſe,
Impalſy'd with the Sight, drop'd to the ground.
But what—What other Peal is that, which comes
In Cries ſo ſimilar, and hideous Moan?— [ments:
—'Tis, ſure, Yon' Dome, whence break forth theſe La-
The Babes of Grace, there in cloſe Durance held,
Reſponſive recognize the kindred Sounds;
And groan for groan, and curſe for curſe return.
For Spirits ſimilar by inſtinct know
Each other's Agonies; and mutual drop,
(Refin'd Delight!) the painful-pleaſing, Tear.
But farther ſtill does Sympathy extend:—
If Godlike Merit meet diſaſtrous fate;
Beings inanimate give ſigns of Woe:
[1] The Noble Statues, on the Portals rais'd

[1] *The Noble Statues*, &c.] The Sculptures in Moor-fields—One, the Image of furious Madneſs: The Other of Melancholy, executed by Mr. Cibber, the Father of Colly Cibber, Poet Laureat.

Of that ſad Manſion, which confines the Babes,
Strongly expreſs their Paſſion for the Saint:
Redoubled Fury in the One is ſeen;
The Other, deeper ſinks in ſad Deſpair!
Nor can the Muſe withhold her plaintive Strains;
But blots her Numbers with a mournful Tear.
Ah! piteous Caſe! Well may ye ſigh and groan,
Bid Hope begone, and vindicate Deſpair.
Yes---Should the Grief to fierceſt Outrage ſwell:
Decent and virtu'ous would that Outrage be!
Children of Grace, in bitterneſs of Soul,
In Saintly Curſes may their Paſſion vent---
Curſes are here th' Effuſions of true Zeal---
The Effervеſcence of Religious Moan.
Weep on, ye Babes---indulge the wailful Cry---
Mad be your Sorrow! For your Parent's dead---
He who begot you---He who brought you forth
To all the Bleſſings of the Second Birth---
He is no more---And Piety is dead!
Weep on ye Saints---Nor ever ceaſe to weep---
Roar every Voice---and every Cheek be wet!

But hold, ye Mourners, and your Grief ſuſpend:
For lo! a Spirit from the Sky deſcends;
And ſeems on ſome Divine Beheſt to come---
A Seraph, ſure; tho' ſhe aſſumes the Form
Of that terreſtrial, that matchleſs Dame,
The Noble Guardian of the Sacred Band,
The warm Admirer of Regen'rate Chiefs.
See!---She advances to the proſtrate Saint---
His Breaſt with Oils of Paradiſe anoints,
And ſtrokes his Limbs with balmy, healing, Hands;
To cure his Wounds, and priſtine Strength reſtore,
"Health to his Navel---Marrow to his Bones."
See! She pours in, ſome Drops in Heav'n diſtill'd!
And with her Eyes directed to the Sky,
She raiſes high her bold celeſtial Voice---
Come back, thou fleeting Soul, and re-inform
This ſacred Carcaſs! Lo! He breathes! He ſtirs!
(It was no mortal Art) and Life returns.
Riſing with vigour, full-reveal'd to ſight,
And feeling Courage with his Strength return'd,
The Fortune of the Field again to try
The Saint reſolves.---An Hero ſcorns Deſpair.

The dauntleſs Dæmon now again ſtands forth
In his own Shape, terrific, as before.
Again the Roſtrum, mounts the Martial Saint,
New Glories darting round his ſacred Head.
Aid my firm purpoſe, ye celeſtial Pow'rs!
If to your Altars I have conſtant paid
The Honours due; Now all your force impart--
Wipe off the Stains of this inglorious Day---
Give to this Arm, the Dæmon to ſubdue;
That Faith may triumph, Saints controul the Earth;
And all Mankind may Methodiſts commence.
He ſaid---and thrice his mallive Journals ſhook---
Thrice ſwung them round--then hurl'd them up aloft:--
When by celeſtial vehemence impell'd,
High and more high they flew, roaring as fierce,
As fierceſt Whirlwinds in their airy Flight.
Whence with tempeſtuous violence they fell
Full on the Dæmon's Caſque; and breaking way,
Shattered the Honours of his Royal Horns;
Batter'd his Skull, and ſquaſh'd his igneous Brains.
Nor leſs the curling Snakes, around his head,
Feel the Effects of the aſtounding blow;

And irritated, ſting their hapleſs Lord.
Already ſore afflicted.—Now he pants—
He gaſps—ejects a torrent of black gore—
Gore—ſuch as Devils bleed—torrent obſcene!
And drooping, down upon the Ground he falls.
Quick from his Roſtrum flies the Martial Saint,
With Falchion ſent from th' Armoury of Heav'n;
And off he lops the foul Fiend's cloven Feet;
As prone he lay extended on the Plain.
Alas! Poor Satan! How is he reduc'd!
A *Seraph*, once of high celeſtial Rank—
Now of his Glories ſpoil'd, and overthrown
By a deſpiſed Foe—a Son of Earth—
A PRIEST!—The Object of his witty Scorn!
Tormenting Caſe!—What Refuge now remains?
None but in Coward Flight. This he attempts;
And from th' inglorious Field would limp away;
But cannot ſo eſcape.—*Stay—Dæmon, ſtay!*—
My Work is not complete—The Saint exclaims;
And in a blaze of Fury, cloſe purſues—
Hangs on his Rear, and graſps THE DIREFUL TAIL—
That TAIL, by Mortal never touch'd before:

Then

Then pulls, and tugs, with unremitted force,
Straining each nerve and ſinew, till they crack:
But fruitleſs long the labour: till at length,
The Pow'rs, which firſt inſpir'd the great Empriſe,
Determin'd to complete their Hero's Fame,
Exceſſive Spirit breathe into his breaſt—
Pour in exub'rant floods of heighten'd Faith---
Fan his Enthuſiaſtic ardent Zeal,
And fiercer rage, and fiercer fire, impart.
And now PHANTASIA darts into his Soul;
Into a ferment works thoſe complex Pow'rs,
Which fume, and heave, and ſwell his riſing Heart;
And Strength Divine into his Nerves infuſe.
Rais'd to this height, th' enraptur'd Saint exclaims---
Tell me, my Heart!---Am I not more than MAN?
Does not Divinity within me glow?
A God! A God I feel, poſſeſs me whole!
Omnipotence is here! The TAIL *is Mine!*
The Victory's ſecure!---Again he pulls
With all his might.---Trembles th'aſtounded Fiend---
He ſighs---he ſobs---convulſed are his nerves---
Sore wrung his heart---and all his Vigour's gone!

How

How wretched is his State! Of Hoofs bereft
And all the Noble Glories of his brows---
And how his TAIL in peril! ---For he feels
Supernal Force exerted on his Rear:
Whilſt ev'ry Pow'r of Body and of Soul
His Foe exerts, of full ſucceſs ſecure;
And with a Jerk, beyond Angelic Strength,
(Hear! and believe, ye Habitants of Earth!
The Miracle of Miracles I ſing!)
And with a Jerk, beyond Angelic Strength,
Rends, from the vital Trunk, the Serpent's *Tail*—
TH' ENORMOUS TAIL; and hurls it up aloft!
See! See it there, ſuſpended o'er yon Fane,
Sublime in Air, clear to the viſual Ray
Of Faithful Souls. But Unbelief is blind.
There muſt it hang, till Time ſhall be no more,
There hang, a Trophy of victorious Faith,
And ſureſt Proof, that METHODISM ſprings,
With all her Tenets, from an Heav'nly Source.
Glorious Event!---Sing and rejoice, O Earth!
The Final Blow is ſtruck!---THE TAIL---THE TAIL---
That Bane of Grace---that Inſtrument of Sin---

That Terror of THE BAND---that Peſt of Truth,
With Ruin, erſt, and Furies dire replete,
No more can ſting and vex the Human Soul:
Which now, ſecure from all Infernal Rage,
To Realms of Bliſs may unmoleſted paſs!
For proſtrate and diſmember'd lies the Foe,
Bewailing his loſt Pow'rs: but more than all,
Bewailing his loſt TAIL---his higheſt Pride,
The Glory of his Perſon, and his Might!
See how he weeps! Hark! how he roars and yells!
Whilſt his Attendants join the loud Laments;
And form an hideous Harmony of Grief.
Hell in her inmoſt Caverns hears their Moan;
And piouſly returns the wailful Sounds.
Louder and louder ſtill the Dæmon howls---
Curſes the Saint---curſes himſelf and God---
On all Creation Malediction pours---
And for Annihilation vainly hopes;
Feeling a Vengeance, which he deems ſcarce leſs,
Than when by Filial Deity ſubdu'd,
He with his Rebel-Crew was plung'd in Hell.
Ye Babes of Grace! Now 'tis Your turn to raiſe

Triumphant Notes; and pour th' impetuous Song.---
The Song they raiſe—carol aloud their Joy,
And rend the Skies with Euchariſtic Strains,
And rapt'rous Praiſes of their Godlike Chief.
Nor Saints alone, if Saints may be believ'd,
The wond'rous conqueſt celebrate: for Heav'n---
Yes---Heav'n itſelf the gratulation joins:
And thence deſcends a Choir of Seraphims:
Some wake their Harps; and ſome the Voice attune,
In honour of the great Heroic Saint:
Whilſt a bright Blaze of Glory from the Skies,
Plays, lambent, all around his Sacred Form.
Mean while, the Fiend by his Attendant Train,
On wings expanded is convey'd away
('Twas all they could, by Pow'r Divine withheld)
To his own gloomy Realms.---Clos'd are the Gates:--
And thence he never can emerge again.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Title Pages,		for Decisive *Battle*, read Decisive *Combat*.
Page 20.	Line 302.	after the word *Stand*, for [!] insert [?]
48.	71.	for *Heav'n*, read *Heaven*.
49.	83.	after the word *such*, add a [,]
50.	last,	in the Notes; after *Lamech*, insert *ceased*.
54.	176.	for *Love*, read *Lore*.
83.	44.	for *where Noise supplies*, read *which well supply*.
116.	98.	for *Her*, read *His*.
120.	197.	for *Cherubims*, read *Cherubim*,
139.	577.	for *Seraphims*, read *Seraphim*.

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